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NEW — NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

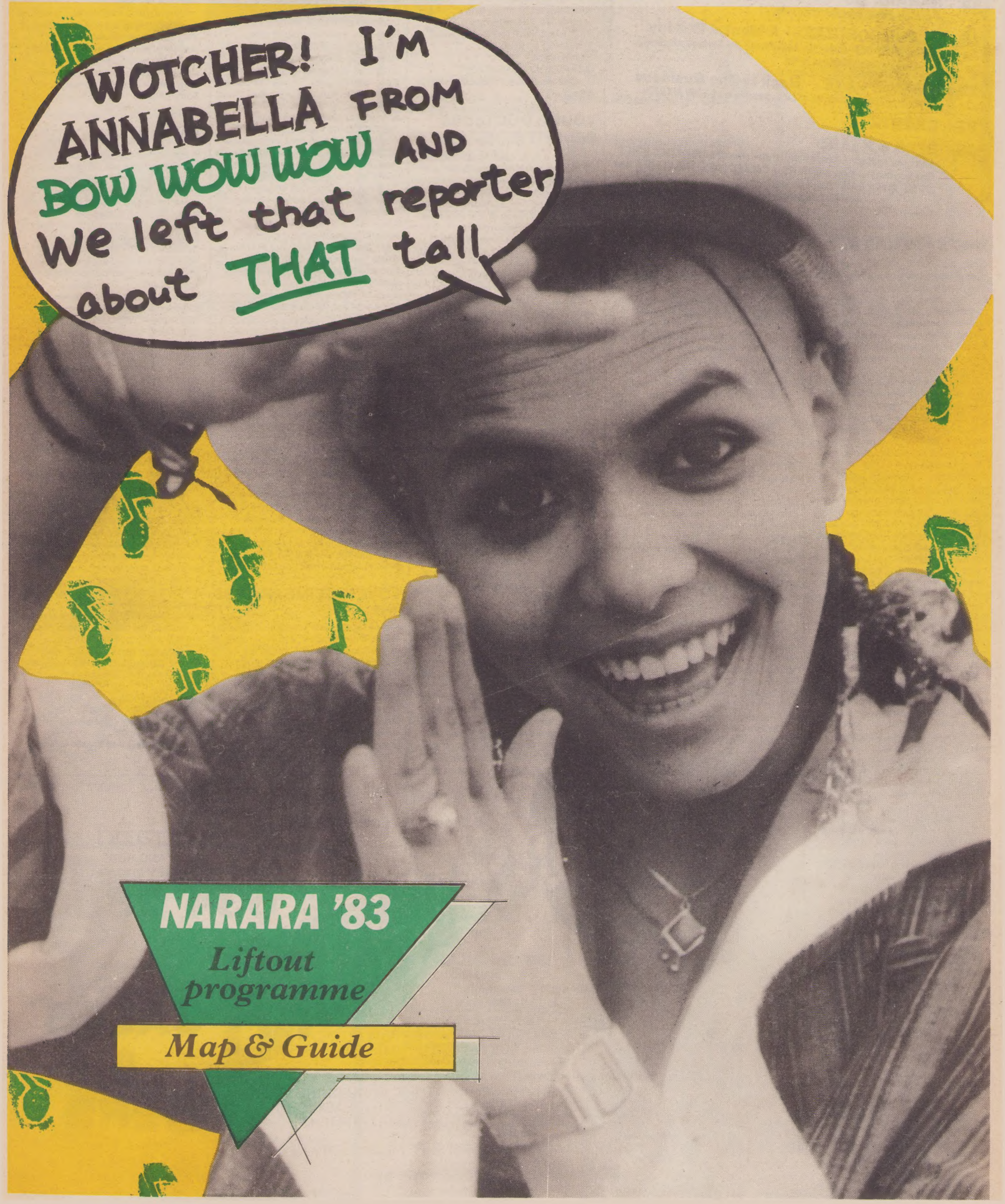
RAM

BOW WOW WOW

• MARVIN GAYE • AN AFFAIR

• 1983 — PROPHECIES UNLIMITED!

• DEREK & CLIVE — Too Rude For Who?



NARARA '83

Liftout programme

Map & Guide

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WHO'S A MEATHEAD?

Gosh, how terribly 'street' of you to give young hopeful Jonathan Krause first prize in the Writers (sic) Contest. Jon enlightened us all about what must be a new sub-culture: something to do with getting pissed, chasing women (when you're full enough to feel courageous enough to approach them, eh Jon?), driving a Holden with "fats" (fabulously relevant), and looking for "rock and roll". Phew, what a gas! I mean, none of us had heard about any of this before Jon came along.

You must be up your bum now then, Jon, with his new confirmation that you *are* somebody. What about the "pissweak prick in the Commodore"? Really showed him, didn't you, Jon? In fact, you seem to have a complex about proving you're a big boy, chucking someone out of his seat because your friends are there, and you need *them*, don't you? I'm sure I can find you some "trendy poofters" to bother, you brute you.

You finish your enthralling tale when your buddy "lays a great rap" and "burns up the highway" in the Holden. When he burns *off* the highway, I hope it's only you who gets wasted and not some poor sod on the road, because you're all pissed, aren't you, Jon? And *that's* all that matters.

As for RAM, why you think this sort of primitivism is attractive is a bit baffling. This jerk said absolutely nothing. All he understands is being a meathead, and that has no social viability, and it's not a statement, a story, or an opinion worthy of printing in *any* magazine.

There are a lot of Jons in this country — that's no reason to listen to their puerile lifestyle.
Two People
Launceston, Tas.
P.S If you say 'Where was *my* entry?' I don't buy RAM much and I didn't know the contest was on.
If you weren't such a humourless twerp, we'd forgive your incredibly blinkered vision in perceiving Jon Krause's story as anything other than skilful satire.

BURNING THE OIL

I just don't understand. Midnight Oil used to have guts and power — now they seem to have lost it. Let me put to you some points which I see relevant to the fall of Midnight Oil.

They played it pretty safe at the Capitol. I mean, anyone could have seen that Oil could do five Capitol shows at $8 a head, remembering too that not one was a full house.

Their image is good. The publicity has led us all to believe that they're bigger than Cold Chisel, The Angels or Australian Crawl. Well, of course, they're *not*. They wouldn't have sold 1/25th of the records any of the above bands have sold, and wouldn't have drawn 1/100th of the people live, but they would have us believe they're bigger than Cold Chisel or The Angels, and of course, people believe it. Fuck, I mean let's be serious, Midnight Oil are only big in Sydney.

Secondly, they're doing something I never thought I'd see from Midnight Oil — slagging other bands basically because they're scared. I bet we don't see them at a festival (like Narara) because the other bands will just blow them away. Imagine Australian Crawl playing before them, and The Angels afterwards would crucify Oil. So they can just go back to being another band — not something that hype and image have created.

Midnight Oil — stop slagging other bands for your own selling point. Why do it? It works, but it does really smell. Just wait till Cold Chisel come back, or a lot of people see Oz Crawl or The Angels. Midnight Oil will then go back to the Antler and become rebellious young men again, not purveyors of hype overkill.
Sahow
Your first sentence paraphrased the entire letter. . .

OUR BOY NOT FLUFFY!

After reading Lyndon Barber's article on Culture Club (RAM No. 201), I was absolutely amazed how he wrote a whole article on them without actually telling us anything. His use of personification and metaphoric similes was utterly pathetic. Is this the art of bullshit writing? If it is, Lyndon dear, you'd get the award.

Culture Club's music is young and refreshing and as far as being a bit "fluffy", they would have to be the best group to come out of England's moronic and highly depressed music scene.

Boy George's feminine (sic) looks are very attractive and his aura of impressiveness and personality does not in the least make him look like a tart or a raving drag queen.

As for you, Lionel Langue, you should be forced to listen to 48 hours of non-stop 'Abba — The Singles' to find out what *real* junk is.

As for Boy George being gay, so what?! Isn't half the population a bit that way? But that's an entirely different story, isn't it?
Mark, Mel, Ungry & Steed
Manly, NSW.

BOYS FAN CLUB FOR REAL!

We apologise for any inconvenience we might have caused your readers about our letter which was published in issue No. 201, referring to The Boys Fan Club. The full address is:
The Boys Fan Club
P.O. Box 254
MARRICKVILLE NSW 2204
. . . Millions heave a collective sigh of relief.

YOUNG DOCTEURS BENEFIT

I wonder if RAM could publicly pass on my thanks and appreciation to all the bands and people who turned up for the recent Young Docteurs benefit at the Trade Union Club.

The money made on the night did not cover the losses in work, equipment and accommodation bonds that Young Docteurs suffered as a result of their terrible bashing on November 12 last, but it did show them there was some heart in what can be a cold and nasty inner-city at present. Dennis Stoneman of the Trade Union Club in particular has been marvellous.

I had no hesitation in being an organiser for the benefit. Young Docteurs and I have had many differences over the years, but it was impossible not to help after the horrors they have gone through. What is distressing are the mumbles around town that Young Docteurs somehow "deserved" what they got. No offstage provocation from the band has been cited which could possibly justify the charges of break and enter, burglary, malicious damage to property and multiple grievous bodily assaults.

I know many of the people who are backing the gang who bashed the Young Docteurs. They frequented Exit while I was booking the place, and it makes me bilious to think I was catering for such people.
David Browne

TO MOLLY — WITH LOVE

I must say that there aren't too many people around who would appreciate the gibberish that wafts out of the mouth of that beloved pop-show host, Ian Meldrum, affectionately known in music circles as 'Molly'.

It's quite well known that over the years he has continually pushed his thoughts upon the unsuspecting public. I know that while the man possesses his own views, one would think that with his long involvement with the Australian music industry his views would bear some sort of credibility; but the way in which he has sat on a pedestal over the years (namely *Countdown*) and garbled and fumbled his way around is way beyond my comprehension. You might say just don't watch *Countdown* or refuse to read *T.V. Week*, and then I would escape his wicked thoughts. I suppose I could, but I like to watch *Countdown* sometimes as it is occasionally interesting *without Meldrum.* The show doesn't need him. It's obvious he is a jerk, but a lot of people say 'yeah!, but the show wouldn't be the same'. I say *rubbish!*

The show they have replaced *Countdown* with over the summer break is definitely excellent. *Rockline* has shown some top overseas rock clips. During 1982 we have seen a whole heap of rock shows pop up with the new spate of video clips. The one thing this has produced is a whole range of rock show hosts(esses). Shows like *Rock Around The World, Nightmoves* and *Rock Arena* all have hosts who are actually sensible human beings possessing the knowledge and actual capability to host a rock show and at the same time be entertaining.

Mr. Meldrum went to extremes in one of his December '82 articles in *TV Week* in saying that Midnight Oil are one of the most boring bands he has seen live. When you consider this, and the type of music he sometimes espouses to be really good, and also the fact that the Oils refuse to appear on *Countdown*, then what do you think. Bitch! I saw Midnight Oil at the Capitol and I must say they would have to be one of the best live bands in the world. The other six thousand-odd people who saw them too would definitely agree. And I'm not a real great fan of the Oils!

The trouble is I am sick and tired of hearing the shit pour out of this imbecile's mouth, slagging decent Aussie bands whom *he* thinks aren't good enough for *his* show. When you consider some of the other attributes the A.B.C. has like *Rock Arena* and 2JJJ-FM, it's a wonder they bother with this boring old fart. Since Meldrum takes credit for any new band broken on the Australian record market, (a job the public broadcasters and 2JJJ-FM actually do), it's just quite possible that he may take the credit for the success of Midnight Oil's new album, which incidentally is very good, and don't let Meldrum tell you otherwise!

LOVE YA, LIME SPIDERS

I would appreciate the right of reply to the "Sour Grapes" letter appearing in issue No. 198 re the Southern Cross Battle of the Bands final.

As a dedicated Lime Spiders fan, I found the letter offensive and childish (not necessarily in that order), and was obviously written by somebody with their nose out of joint (and their ears out of order!)

It's about time someone gave the Lime Spiders the credit they deserve. Their versions of various 60s punk classics reveal a lot of imagination and feeling. They have an imposing stage presence and even a sense of humour (a touch lacking in many of the inner-city bands who are infected with cynicism). I find their attitude and approach to their music refreshing. They are one of the few bands in recent years who have captured a raw sound without resorting to Detroit/MC5-type songs and without relying on a standard heavy metal formula.

The crowd reaction *before* they even hit the stage in the Battle final was an indication of their impact on the music scene, despite only having played a handful of gigs. This in itself is a credit to the band as they were competing with well-established bands who average at least one or two gigs per week.

I could go on forever, but suffice to say that their well-earnt recording deal should yield one of the strongest pieces of rock'n'roll heard for quite a while. I'm sure it will silence these ridiculous criticisms. Watch for it around February.
Son of Adam
Chippendale, NSW

FAITH IN NEW ORDER

It seems that the New Order show at the Capitol was not altogether well received, judging by the letter in RAM No. 201, *Seen & Heard* in the same issue and the comments of my mate, Martin. I missed the Capitol show, but caught up with the band at Selina's and I list it as the best live performance by any band in my admittedly limited experience and, in my view, far superior to their studio recordings.

Could it be that Selina's has more atmosphere and better sound than the Capitol? I don't know: from only one visit to each venue, I don't like to generalise, Maybe I'm just naive and too young to understand, but New Order fulfilled all my expectations and inspired me with the style and vigour of their playing. I've long dreamt of making music founded on bass and drums as *instruments*, not merely rhythmic devices, with guitar that knows its place, and embroidered with fresh, clear swirls of keyboards. That is what New Order gave, and that is what inspired me to dream on.

I envy Marie Ryan's memories of New Order's live beginnings, and I appreciate the change that must have gone on in the band since then. All I can offer is that even though the intensity is gone, the spirit, the real substance remains and lives on — just as in a marriage the overpowering feeling of being in love must die, but the love which continues and grows is the essence of those initial fireworks, and of far more significance and value. Similarly, we must have faith that New Order's journey, like marriage, is a journey to fulfilment, not oblivion.
Ian Richardson
Camden, NSW.
P.S. Personally, I *like* encores.

How absolutely and breath-takingly noble!

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SHURE, SENNHEISER, BEYER, AUDIO TECHNICA AND E.V. MICROPHONES.

Transit Lounge

PEOPLE, EVENTS, THINGS ON THE MOVE

"Gimme a snag sanger or I'll jump!" (Pic: Kathleen O'Brien)

SUMMERFEST '83 — Melbourne's Australia Day Weekend Raveup

The Victorian answer to Narara has the emphasis on inner city convenience — or maybe they just expect it to rain. Regional jokes apart, the three-day four-night festival, which will inhabit two gigantic circus tents on the inner city's Batman Avenue, looks like a chunky experience. Apart from a comprehensive lineup of leading Oz bands, **Summerfest** will offer a combination of music Expo-style bands, fairground rides, late model video games plus any other leisure activities that can be crammed on site, for a mere $5 a day.

The project comes from veteran rock biz organiser **Ron Blackmore;** sponsors include **3XY, Coca-Cola** and **Channel 10**, with production and promotion from the ubiquitous **Michael Edgley** Organisation.

One of the most intriguing features promised is a massive 'Battle Of The Bands'. Over 90 'amateur' groups have already entered: Blackmore and his co-judges bravely intend to hold all the preliminary heats in one day (January 22).

"I think I'll have to have a bell on stage," said Ron. "When it rings that means 'We've heard enough'. Of course that doesn't mean that the act's no good, but just that we can tell whether they'll make the final sixteen."

Apart from the bell-shocked 16, this is the lineup of rock'n'roll talent:

Friday 28
NO NONSENSE
DEE MINOR & THE DISCHORDS
MI-SEX
MONDO ROCK

Saturday 29
PAUL KELLY & THE DOTS
JEFF ST. JOHN
REDGUM
DEAR ENEMY
STRANGE TENANTS
MIDNIGHT OIL

Sunday 30
YOUNG HOMEBUYERS
PHANTOM BAND
SWANEE
EUROGLIDERS
REELS
INXS

Monday 31
TABLEWAITERS
NORTH 2 ALASKANS
LE CLUB FOOTE
MENTAL AS ANYTHING
MEN AT WORK

ANGELS — Big Fun, Big Feed

The Dirty Pool bands seem to pull them at Noosa. . . Last year it was Cold Chisel, last weekend it was the ANGELS, who, with the support of the DIVINYLS and the SAINTS, drew over 10,000 sun'n'fun lovers to the Noosa Sports Ground. (All statistics subject to the Mushroom/Myer Music Bowl test.)

But apart from the punters, the compelling figures come from the catering department: 15,000 steak sandwiches; 10,000 sangers-on-a-roll; and 12, 858 litres of beer (the bar was drained 10 minutes before the license ran out). As the Angels' management was running the catering along with every other part of the event, nobody's bitching at the Accounts Dept.

And the next single from the Angels just happens to be titled *Eat City*. . .

Out of the ashes of FLAMING HANDS comes. . . TUNNELS AND TRAINS! Survivors JULIE MOSTYN AND JEFF SULLIVAN (pictured) are about to finalise a live lineup, and an EP is already in the can.

Out of the ruins of STEVE CUMMINGS comes. . . STEPHEN CUMMINGS FROM LAS VEGAS!! The former Sports frontman and erstwhile solo recording artist has put together this elegant trio with the specific intention of *not* performing at rock venues. Perhaps we can all change his mind. . .

The Laughing Clowns, whose hard times in England were graphically reported by Marie Ryan in Issue 201, have called it a day. Drummer Jeff Wegener has led the exit move by joining the Birthday Party.

And those favourite sons of Melbourne might be coming home for a visit in the near future. This option is apparently being considered along with debate over whether they could survive another trip to America.

Colin Hay will have to beware of charity hunters. Envious rumours are circulating of absolutely massive publishing deals being signed by the front-Man At Work.

And the Men reportedly made an amusing little stipulation when signing their **Narara** contract. They'll play for Michael Chugg only if he promises not to get too close to them backstage. . .

Melbourne's **EON-FM** is extending its reach, if not its range. They're getting right behind the Narara '83 event in Sydney by organising an all-in bus trip for Victorian punters. Total cost is round the $175 mark — ring the station for details, and your bank manager for a loan.

The **Go-Betweens**, unlike the Laughing Clowns, are finding England survivable. Their new album, *Before Hollywood*, will be out on the Rough Trade label in the near future.

And another independent label has sprouted slightly closer to home. Long-time alternative distributors **Monash Records** have started their own label to promote new Australian talent. Under the trading name of **Au Fait**, they've already announced releases from **Safehouse** and **The New Five**.

Colin 'not short of a bob' Hay

2MMM — Domain Concert

The Festival Of Sydney doesn't seem to bother with rock'n'roll much, as it wasn't worth their while to send *us* a press release: maybe it's the dread memory of the Angels Opera House violence a few New Year's Eves back. But with the sponsorship of 2MMM-FM, at least one large scale free rock gig is on the programme this year. In the Domain, on January 23 from 5pm, you can stroll around or collapse in a sunny heap to the music of:

JOANNA BAND
JO JO ZEP
AUSTRALIAN CRAWL

BOMBAY ROCK — 7 Million Dollar Rock Venue For Surfers.

A Mr. Peter George has sunk his fruiterer's fortune into building "from the ground up" a new rock venue in Surfers Paradise. Located on the corner of Cavill and Ferny Avenues, the complex is claimed to have cost seven million dollars. It opens on January 24 with MEN AT WORK as the gala debut attraction.

RAM ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

O.S. TOURS

SIMON & GARFUNKEL
February
5 Sydney Sports Ground
9 Adelaide Oval
12 VFL Park, Waverley, Melbourne
15 Lang Park, Brisbane

JOHN MARTYN
January
22 Opera Theatre, Adelaide
24 Dallas Brookes, Melbourne
26 Capitol, Sydney

PENTANGLE
January
27 Sydney Town Hall
28 Canberra Theatre
29 Dallas Brookes, Melbourne
February
1 Tasmanian Folk Festival
3 Opera Theatre, Adelaide
5 Concert Hall, Perth

PETER TOSH
March
10 Hordern, Sydney
14 Myer Music Bowl, Melb.
17 Thebarton, Adelaide
21 Entertainment Centre, Perth
24 Festival Hall, Brisbane
27 Bruce Sports Centre, Canberra
28 Civic Theatre, Newcastle

GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS
January
21 Capitol Theatre, Sydney
23 Port Kembla Leagues Club
28 Surfair, Queensland
29 4ZZZ Festival Hall
30 Bombay Rock, Melbourne
February
4 Palais Theatre, Melbourne
7 Traralgon Astrodome
11 Thebarton Town Hall, Adelaide

TOOTS & THE MAYTALS plus TAJ MAHAL
February
7,8 Capitol, Sydney
11 Thebarton, Adelaide
13, 14 Palais, Melbourne
25 Brisbane Uni.
26 Playroom, Gold Coast

UB40
February
3 Adelaide
5 Astor Theatre, Melb.
9 Capitol, Sydney
17 Gold Coast
18 Brisbane
19 Surfair, Brisbane
20 Gold Coast

PSYCHEDELIC FURS
February
3 Astor Theatre, Melbourne
5 Capitol, Sydney
18 Adelaide
March
1 Canberra

JONI MITCHELL
March
11 Capitol, Sydney
14 Festival Hall, Brisbane
14 Palais, Melbourne
19 Festival Theatre, Adelaide

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
February
17 Capitol, Sydney
20 Astor Theatre, Melbourne

NSW

Welcome, friends, to the show that never ends: the RAM ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE. Every day, every night there's new things to see around Australia — whether you're at a loose end or on a tight budget, it's handy to have a programme. We aim to fit in every show possible: overseas tours, local gigs, and all the special concerts, rent-parties and unspeakable events that can get their specifications to us in time. Naturally we can't guarantee every gig will stay locked in after we go to press — always check with the venue before you start hitch-hiking — but hopefully with the RAM ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE stuck on your wall you won't be stuck for somewhere to go or something to see.

AFFECTIONS:
Jan. 21 Stakeout Tavern, 22 Tivoli.
AGENTS:
Jan. 21 Royal Antler Hotel, 22 Sydney Trade Union Club, 25 Manzil Room, 29 Astra.
Feb. 3 Mosman Hotel.
ALLNITERS:
Jan. 22 North Newcastle Leagues, 28 Carringbah Inn, 29 Narara.
ANGELS:
Jan. 25 Merrimbula RSL, 26 Batemans Bay Bowling Club, 27 Fraternity Bowling Club (Woolongong).
AUSTRALIAN CRAWL:
Jan. 23 The Domain, 24 Dubbo Civic Centre, 25 Parkes Leagues Club, 26 Lithgow Workers, 27 Orange Ex-Services, 29 Sundowner Hotel.
BARRY LEEF BAND:
Jan. 23 Carringbah Inn.
BEL AIRES:
Jan. 21 Comb 'N' Cutter, 22 Sydney Cove Tavern.
BERMUDA:
Jan. 21 Belfield Hotel, 22 Blue Room (Wiley Park Hotel).
BIG 5:
Jan. 22 Musicians Club, 28 Carringbah Inn.
Feb. 2 Southern Cross.
BILLY THORPE:
Jan. 25 Sefton Hotel.
Feb. 1 Orange Entertainment Centre, 2 Carringbah Inn, 3 Royal Antler Hotel, 4 Comb 'N' Cutter.
BOSS:
Feb. 2 Carringbah Inn, 3 Cabbage Inn (Woolongong).
BOWDO:
Jan. 22 Bexley North Hotel, 24 Sundowner, 25 Sefton Hotel, 26 Manly Vale Hotel, 28 Central Coast Leagues.
Feb. 4 Comb 'N' Cutter.
BOX OF FISH:
Feb. 3 Southern Cross.
BRENT PARLANE BAND:
Jan. 22 Dee Why Hotel, 27 Jolly Roger (Newcastle), 29 Collegians Football Club (Woolongong).
BURNING BRASS:
Jan. 28 Sydney Trade Union.
BUSHWACKERS:
Jan. 21 Ocean Beach Hotel, 23 Leppington Inn (afternoon), 25 Bluegum Hotel, 26 Didi's, 27 Governors Pleasure, 28 Blacktown Soccer Club, 29 Sefton Hotel, 30 St Marys Leagues Club, 31 Wentworth Park.
CELIBATE RIFLES:
Jan. 29 Southern Cross.
CHOIRBOYS:
Jan. 26 Mosman Hotel.
Feb. 4 Sylvania Hotel.
CHOSEN FEW:
Jan. 29 Southern Cross.
CHRIS TURNER BAND:
Jan. 28 Campbelltown Golf Club.
CHURCH:
Jan. 21 Sylvania Hotel, 22 Manly Vale Hotel, 28 Sylvania Hotel.
COCKROACHES:
Jan. 21 Sydney Trade Union.
COCKY LAURA:
Jan. 21 Carringbah Inn, 22 Sydney Cove Tavern, 28 Comb 'N' Cutter, 30 Sylvania Hotel.
CYRIL B. BUNTER:
Jan. 22 Carringbah Inn, 28 Central Coast Leagues.
Feb. 4 Stardust Hotel.
DEE MINOR AND THE DISCHORDS:
Jan. 21 Sefton Hotel, 22 Bayview Tavern, 27 War And Peace.
DIAMOND CUTTERS:
Jan. 22 Sydney Cove Tavern.
DIVINYLS:
Jan. 25 Doyalson RSL, 27 Narara, 29 Family Inn.
Feb. 1 Bluegum Hotel, 3 Cabbage Tree (Woolongong), 4 Sylvania Hotel.
DIVISION 4:
Jan. 21 Sydney Trade Union.
DO RAY ME:
Feb. 3 Bayview Tavern, 4 Mosman Hotel.
DOUBLE O'S:
Feb. 2 Mosman Hotel.
DROPBEARS:
Jan. 21 Bayview Tavern, 23 St George Budapest Soccer Club.
DYNAMIC HYPNOTICS:
Jan. 21 Cabbage Tree (Woolongong), 22 Paddington Town Hall, 23 Sylvania Hotel, 26 Royal Antler Hotel, 27 Castle Hill RSL.
ESCARGO-GO:
Jan. 23 Southern Cross.
EUROGLIDERS:
Jan. 21 Merrimbula RSL, 22 Jindabyne Hotel, 23 Bruce Stadium (Canberra).
EXPRESSION:
Jan. 27 Tartin Place Ampitheatre.
Feb. 3 Tivoli.
FALLEN IDLES:
Jan. 22 Carringbah Inn.
FLYING COLOURS:
Jan. 28 Bondi Tram.
FOREVER 15:
Jan. 28 Belfield Hotel.
FOSTER BROTHERS:
21 Padstow Park Hotel.
FOUR-FOUR:
Jan. 21 Blacktown RSL, 22 Sydney Cove Tavern.
FRONT:
Jan. 21 Ambassador (Newcastle), 22 Selinas, 23 Port Kembla Leagues, 25 Sefton Hotel, 28 Tivoli, 29 Royal Antler Hotel.
Feb. 4 Collegians Football Club (Woolongong).
FULL CIRCLE:
Jan. 23 Avalon RSL.
GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS:
Jan. 21 Central Coast Leagues, 22 Selinas, 23 Port Kembla Leagues, 24 Sundowner Hotel, 25 Family Inn, 26 Manly Vale Hotel.
Feb. 1 Sylvania Hotel, 2 Maroubra Seals.
GOANNA BAND:
Jan. 23 The Domain, 26 Dapto Leagues, 27 Castle Hill RSL, 28 Manly Vale Hotel, 29 Sylvania Hotel.
Feb. 2 Wagga Leagues.
GOLD RUSH:
22 San Miguel Inn.
GREAT WHITE NOISE:
Jan. 21 Sydney Trade Union.
GROWLER:
Jan. 21 Denison Hotel.
GUILTY:
Jan. 28 Blue Room (Wiley Park Hotel).
HAIKU:
Jan. 23 Palms, 24 Palms, 30 Narara (early), 30 Palms (late), 31 Palms.
HARDCASE:
Jan. 21 Bexley North Hotel, 22 Governors Pleasure, 26 Beattie Street.
Feb. 2 Beattie Street.
HITMEN:
Jan. 21 Mittagong RSL, 22 Sefton Hotel, 23 Leichhardt Hotel, 25 Padstow Park Hotel, 28 Comb 'N' Cutter, 129 Sydney Cove Tavern.
HOI POLLOI:
Jan. 21 Musicians Club, 24 Bondi Tram.
HONEYMOON:
Jan. 21 Sylvania Hotel, 22 Selinas, 28, Manly Vale Hotel, 29 Sylvania Hotel, 39 Collegians Football Club (Woolongong).
HOODOO GURUS:
Jan. 29 Governors Pleasure.
Feb. 1 Southern Cross.
HUGO A GO GO:
Jan. 29 Mosman Hotel.
Feb. 4 Mosman Hotel.
ICED VOVO'S:
Jan. 21 Windsor Castle, 24 Manzil Room, 28 Windsor Castle.
Feb. 4 Windsor Castle.
INTROVERTS:
Jan. 27 Southern Cross, 28 Governors Pleasure.
INXS:
Jan. 21 Comb 'N' Cutter, 22 Sundowner Hotel, 23 Bruce Stadium (Camberra), 25 Corrimal Leagues, 28 Narara.
J.F.K. AND THE CUBAN CRISIS:
Jan. 24 Southern Cross, 29 Sydney Trade Union, 31 Southern Cross.
JOHNNY'S:
Jan. 21 Southern Cross, 22 Mosman Hotel, 23 Sydney Cove Tavern.
JOHNNY GUITAR:
Jan. 29 Tivoli.
JO JO ZEP:
Jan. 23 The Domain (afternoon), 23 Tivoli, 28, Maroubra Seals, 29 Corrmial Leagues.
JUST DIE YOUNG:
Jan. 21 Campbelltown RSL, 22 Sefton Hotel, 29 Sydney Cove Tavern.
KEVIN BORICH:
Jan. 21 Bluegum Hotel, 22 Bexley North Hotel, 27 Cabbage Tree (Woolongong), 28 Bel Air.
Feb. 2 Players, 4 Stakeout Tavern.
KING COBRA:
Jan. 26 San Miquel Inn.
LA BOUCHE:
Jan. 22 Balmain Sports Club, 27 Mona Vale Hotel, 28 Tourmaline Hotel, 29 Balmain Sports.
Feb. 4 Doyalson RSL.
LAFAYETTE:
Jan. 21 Bondi Tram, 22 Family Inn, 27 Cabbage Tree (Woolongong), 28 Sylvania Hotel, 29 Blue Room (Wiley Park Hotel).
LIONHEART:
Jan. 21 Dee Why Hotel.
LONELY HEART:
Jan. 21 Sefton Hotel, 22 Governors Pleasure.
MACHINATIONS:
Jan. 21 Musicians Club, 22 Miranda Hotel, 29 Sydney Trade Union.
MAD GORILLA:
Jan. 21 Campbelltown Golf Club, 27 Mainsbridge Hotel.
MARBLE SOLDIERS:
Jan. 22 Sydney Cove Tavern.
MARIO MILLO BAND:
Jan. 23 War And Peace, 30 War And Peace.
MARK GILLESPIE:
Jan. 27 Carringbah Inn, 28 Tivoli, 30 Avalon RSL.
MEN AT WORK:
Jan. 27 Sawtell RSL, 30 Warwick Farm Racecourse.
MENTAL AS ANYTHING:
Jan. 21 Tathra Hotel, 22 Dapto Leagues, 23 Penrith Leagues, 29 Narara, 30 Summerfest.
MERCENARIES:
Jan. 22 Denison Hotel.
MICK JONES BAND:
Jan. 28 Riverwood Inn.
MIDNIGHT OIL:
Jan. 23 Bruce Stadium (Canberra).
MINOR FITZ:
Jan. 28 Sydney Cove Tavern.
MI-SEX:
Jan. 30 Warwick Farm Racecourse.
MISFITS:
21 Piccadilly Hotel.
MODELS:
Jan. 21 San Miguel Inn, 22 Southern Cross.
Feb. 4 Southern Cross.
MONDO ROCK:
Jan. 21 Ballina RSL, 22 Sth Grafton Ex-Services Club, 23 Urunga Golf Club, 25 Port Macquarie RSL, 26 Taree RSL, 27 Belmont 16' Sailing Club.
MOVING PICTURES:
Jan. 26 Merrimbula RSL, 27 Batemans Bay Bowling Club, 30 Maroubra Seals.
MR X:
Jan. 21 Bexley North Hotel, 22 Mona Vale Hotel.
MX WARHEADS:
Jan. 27 French's, 29 Sydney Cove Tavern.
MYSTERONS:
Jan. 21 Governors Pleasure, 23 Southern Cross, 29 Mosman Hotel.
Feb. 4 Governors Pleasure.
NATURALS:
Jan. 27 Mosman Hotel.
NEW SEEKERS:
21 Ingleburn RSL, 22 Revesby Workers Club.
NEW TOYS:
Jan. 26 Woollahra Hotel.
Feb. 2 Woollahra Hotel.
NO FIXED ADDRESS:
Jan. 28 Stakeout Tavern, 29 Tivoli, 30 Avalon RSL.
NORTS AND CROSSES:
Jan. 27 Bondi Tram.
NON STOP DANCERS:
Jan. 21 Mona Vale Hotel, 23 Tivoli, 25 Mosman Hotel, 28 Mona Vale Hotel, 29 Sydney Cove Tavern.
Feb. 1 Mosman Hotel.
NUMBERS:
Jan. 21 Bayview Tavern, 22 Musicians Club, 23 Avalon RSL.
PAT DRUMMOND:
Jan. 21 Rest Hotel (Milsons Point).
PAT DRUMMOND AND SKOOLDAZE:
Jan. 26 Carringbah Inn, 29 Riverwood Inn.
PATRICK McMAHON:
21 Sydney Cove Tavern.
PHANTOM:
Jan. 28 Denison Hotel.
PROMINENT SYDNEY BUSINESSMEN:
Jan. 21 Trade Union Club.
RAGGED DOLLS:
Feb. 3 Southern Cross.
THE RAMS:
Jan. 21 Beattie Street, 29 Beattie Street.
RATBAGS OF RHYTHM:
Jan. 21 San Miguel Inn, 25 Bondi Tram.
RAT SALAD:
Jan. 21 Wyong Leagues Club.
REACTION:
Jan. 23 Mosman Hotel.
RED CRAYONS:
Jan. 26 Southern Cross.
REDGUM:
Jan. 21 Ocean Beach Hotel, 22 Royal Antler Hotel, 24 Capitol Theatre, 25 Capitol Theatre, 26 Capitol Theatre.
REELS:
Jan. 21 Royal Antler Hotel, 22 Miranda Hotel, 23 St Marys Leagues Club.
REMARKABLES:
Jan. 26 Bondi Tram.
RENEE GEYER:
Jan. 28 Union Hotel (Gosford).
RICHARD CLAPTON BAND:
Jan. 21 Manly Vale Hotel, 22 Family Inn, 23 Bruce Stadium (Canberra), 30 Narara.
Feb. 2 Dapto Leagues, 3 Castle Hill RSL, 4 Maroubra Seals.
RIGID WITH DESIRE:
Jan. 22 Musicians Club.
ROQUE:
Jan. 22 Bondi Tram.
RUPERT B:
Jan. 22 Manzil Room, 28 Mosman Hotel, 29 Manzil Room.
SACRED COWS:
Feb. 3 Mosman Hotel, 4 Governors Pleasure.
SAMURAI TRASH:
Jan. 27 Southern Cross.
SARDINE:
Feb. 2 Manzil Room.
SECOND OFFENCE:
Jan. 21 Piccadilly Hotel.
SHERBS:
Jan. 23 Tivoli, 23 Tathra Hotel.
SIDETRACK:
Jan. 21 Bluegum Hotel.
SKOLARS:
Feb. 2 Southern Cross.
SLOW METRO:
Jan. 22 Stardust Hotel.
Feb. 4 Ocean Beach Hotel.
SNAKE:
Jan. 21 Park Beach Hotel/Motel (Coffs Harbour), 22 Deepwater Hall, 23 Lobster Pot (Ballina), 26 Tweed Heads Hotel, 30 Tweed Heads Hotel, 31 Club Hotel (Warrick).
Feb. 1 Imperial Hotel, 4 Dee Why Hotel.
SONS AND LOVERS:
Jan. 21 Musicians Club.
STEVEN CUMMINGS LIVE IN LAS VEGAS:
Feb. 3 Stranded.
STRANGE DESIRE:
Jan. 21 Wyong Leagues Club, 28 Doyalson RSL.
STRANGELINGS:
Jan. 23 Southern Cross.
STRAY DOGS:
Jan. 28 Sydney Cove Tavern.
STRIKA:
Jan. 27 Carringbah Inn, 29 Sundowner Hotel.
STUPIDITY:
Jan. 23 Mosman Hotel.
SUNNYBOYS:
Jan. 21 Leppington Inn, 22 Paddington Town Hall, 23 St George Budapest Soccer Club, 25 Scotts Head Bowling Club, 26 Sawtell RSL, 27 Lismore RSL, 28 Playroom.
Feb. 3 Belmont 16' Sailing Club, 4 Royal Antler Hotel.
SWANEE:
Jan. 21 Carringbah Inn, 22 Sydney Cove Tavern, 23 Bruce Stadium (Canberra), 25 Tathra Hotel.
TABLEWAITERS:
Jan. 21 Mona Vale Hotel, 22 Sydney Trade Union, 25 Manzil Room.
TMG:
Jan. 21 Golden Eagle Hotel (Newcastle), 22 Waratah-Mayfield RSL (Newcastle), 28 Fraternity Bowling Club (Woolongong).
TOTAL FIRE BAND:
Jan. 26 Gundaroo Hotel (Toukley), 27 Mattara Hotel (Newcastle), 28 Ambassadors (Newcastle), 29 Dapto Leagues, 30 Mosman Hotel.
Feb. 4 Waratah-Mayfield RSL (Newcastle).
TWO BOB WATCH:
Jan. 21 Doyalson RSL, 23 Dee Why Hotel, 27 Beattie Street, 28 Campbelltown RSL, 30 Dee Why Hotel.
Feb. 3 Beattie Street.
UNCANNY X MEN:
Feb. 4 Sylvania Hotel, 4 Tivoli (late).
VIDEO DJ:
Jan. 21 Selinas.
VIOLA DANA:
Jan. 24 Manzil Room, 26 Tivoli.
VOLT EDGE:
Jan. 22 Blacktown RSL.
THE WAIT:
Jan. 26 Bondi Tram.
X-IT:
Jan. 29 Denison Hotel.

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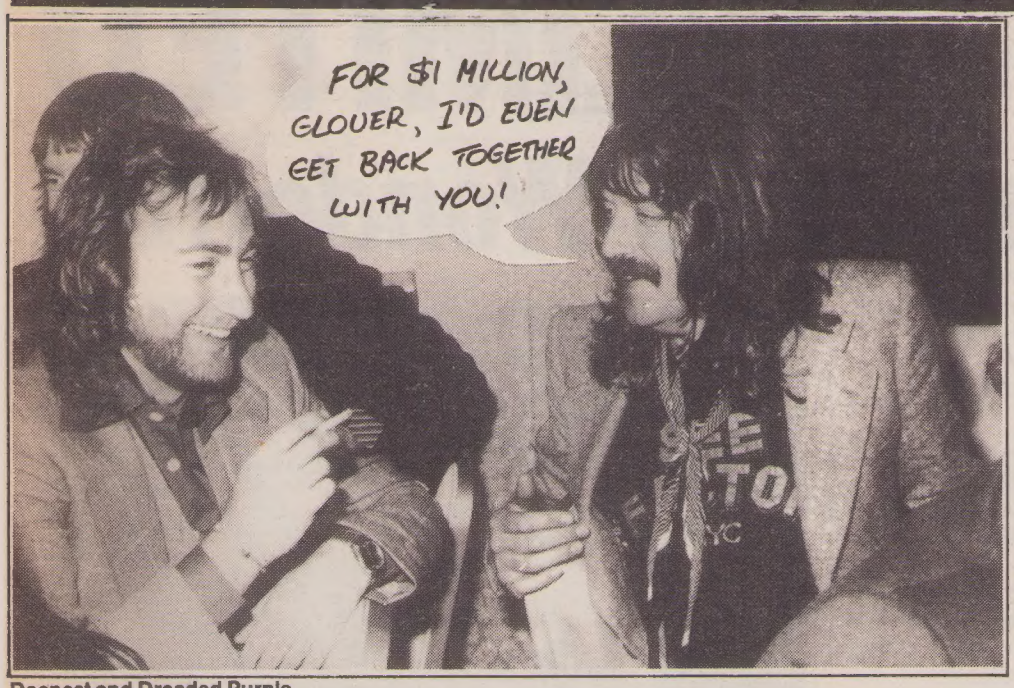
Transit Lounge

PEOPLE. EVENTS. THINGS ON THE MOVE



Deepest and Dreaded Purple

TOUR RUMOURS. . . These are too vague to do any serious heart-jumping about, but for what it's worth there *has* been talk of visits from BOW WOW WOW, CULTURE CLUB, TOM PETTY, JOHN COUGAR, ABC and GARY GLITTER. FAIRPORT CONVENTION however, which was mooted last week, is already a no-no. "Couldn't *give* them away," said a publicist airily.

But a whole swag of International Tourists have been confirmed for February-March, and you can check their dates in our new lift-out entertainment guide (pages 4 and 29).

Sydney's **Astra Hotel**, legendary for its Kiwi clientele and not being in any way connected with drugs, is no longer a rock venue. Continual pressure from nearby residents has persuaded the licensee to go the safe jukebox'n'pool-tables'n'video-games way.

Swinging On The Flickering Screen. . .The **Australian Film Institute** is presenting a season of classic jazz films in Sydney and Melbourne over the next month. At the Paddington Town Hall, January 15-29, there's *Memories Of Duke*, a tribute to Duke Ellington; January 22-29, the famous *Jazz On A Summer's Day* from the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival, plus *Give My Poor Heart Ease*, a short blues feature with B.B. King in the poor heartland of the Deep South.

In Melbourne, at the Longford Cinema, from January 17-22 there's *The Last Of The Blue Devils*, featuring Kansas swing from Count Basie to Charlie Parker; January 24-February 5, *Jazz Scrapbook* — "a nostalgic trip through the roots of the Melbourne jazz scene 1935-55" (sounds amazing!); and February 7-26, *Memories Of Duke*.

WEA have made the very welcome move of lowering prices: 20% on the retail slug for cassettes and 11% on albums — i.e. WEA tapes should now cost you $7.99 and LPs $9.99. The rationale given by managing director Paul Turner ws "a determined move to provide an alternative to the use of blank tapes for 'home-copying' of pre-recorded music.

"We believe the rest of the industry may well decide to follow our lead."

Here's hoping. . .

Extreme metal fatigue has finally forced the split of **Black Sabbath** — but the ugly rumour is they'll be back, once replacements are found for singer Ronnie James Dio and drummer Vinnie Appice. Founding members Tony Iommi and Geezer Butler have signed a management contract with the highly luminous **Don Arden**, who ironically enough has just recently cut ties with former Sabs singer and grossout king **Ozzy Osbourne.**

As one British HM institution temporarily goes to ground, another threatens to resurface: yep, it's another **Deep Purple** reformation rumour, but this time, no-one's denying it. Word is the original Purple lineup will regroup this year for a series of highly lucrative American concerts and (gasp!) a new album. Just to emphasise that it's not merely for old time's sake, unofficial sources indicate that the re-Purpling moves have been fuelled by offers of at least a million dollars *per concert*. A reasonable enough incentive for both **Ian Gillan** and **Ian Paice** to announce their "total availability" for the proposed tour. . .we guess it won't take too long for Messrs Blackmore, Glover and Lord to follow suit.

The good ol' USA, where girls are girls and boys are MEN! Hard on the heels of the shock/horror outrage sprung by Culture Club's Boy George *(see Transit last issue)*, it seems **Human League** are the latest victims of America's moral watchdogs. When the League's first US single *Don't You Want Me* went mega-platinum, the stops were out for the followup, *Love Action* to do likewise. Not so — amazingly enough, the single barely breathed down the neck of the *Billboard* charts. Here's why.

Don't You Want Me performed as well as it did solely on the strength of radio airplay. But once the LP *Dare* was released, with its cover depicting Phil Oakey in all of his androgynous glory, it seemed American kids just didn't want to know — thus the bombing of the subsequent single. And you wondered why Phil Oakey had his haircut evened up?

ELLY McDONALD wishes it to be known that the misspelling of GO-CIRCUS as 'Go-Circuits' in last issue's Fringe Benefit review, plus the lapse in continuity in her Obsessive Fandom article (Issue 200) were entirely the fault of the editorial staff and that she is *not* a klutz — and she's quite right. In fact Elly has dashed off a whole feature on the perils of a freelance writer getting subbed six feet under, and you can laugh and cry along with her next issue.

Tatts Lose Wells

As ROSE TATTOO wound up their American tour, guitarist PETER WELLS announced that he would be quitting the band after their February Australian tour. Like former drummer Dallas Royal, who left the band late last year, Wells has apparently had enough of the long road slog, although the Tatts seem on the brink of some kind of world breakthrough, he wants to call it a day.

Wells is the only original member left apart from Angry Anderson. The Tatts' management expressed "shock" while wishing Wells all the best. The intention is to start searching for a new player as soon as the band returns "to keep it 100% Australian". Heavy (and tattooed) rockers form a queue at the door. . .

Peter Wells

The China Syndrome?

Sydney band The Spyz may well have penetrated the bamboo curtain, but that was well before the Chinese government saw fit to outlaw foreign music imports, especially those of a "decadent" nature. That's the damning adjective used by the People's Music Press in Peking, who have published a booklet entitled *How To Distinguish Decadent Songs:* its pages contain dire warnings against "quivering rhythms" and "unclear, loose, drunken pronunciation", telltale signs of terminal corruption in foreign popular music.

According to a report in the *New York Times*, government officials have directed university students to turn in all their foreign music cassettes, and students of Peking schools were ordered to register the titles of all their tapes and records.

It's not only western music that's aroused the communist ire — Hong Kong and Taiwan-produced pop songs have come under fire for being "low and dirty", and for failing to embody "working class sentiments".

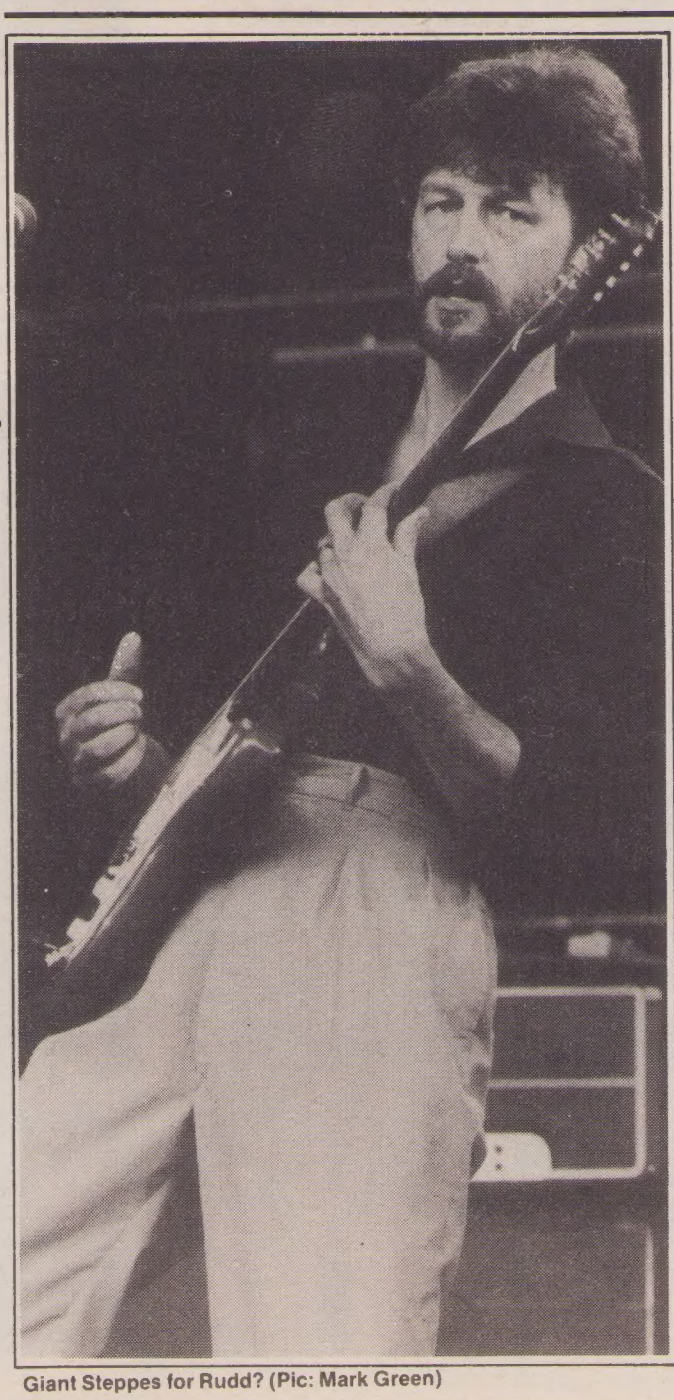
Furthermore, it's not only rock'n'roll that's copping the flak: Jazz, in the words of the PMP booklet, "forces people to accept what is unexpected, the abnormal beat. Dancing to this kind of music is like having nervous spasms". And disco paves the way for "a dancer to do whatever will express his feverish mood".

As for rock'n'roll, it's described as "a kind of passion for the bewildering, the vague, the numb and the impetuous".

***How To Distinguish Decadent Songs* wraps up its vendetta with a charming synopsis of western music as having no artistic value other than "meeting the needs of people's negative spiritual life in capitalist society".**

If the authors ever choose to defect, we surmise they'd have no trouble scoring a job in the western music press. . .

RUDD TO RUSSIA—W.H.Y. Not?



Giant Steppes for Rudd? (Pic: Mark Green)

The big riddle facing music fans is just what is Mike Rudd's new band, W.H.Y. all about? But Melbourne punters have become even more confused since Rudd's recent radio appearance which was to have outlined details of W.H.Y's forthcoming European tour.

Rudd promised to reveal exactly where in Europe his video-music-multi-media-electro-weirdo-travelling-show would be performing. However, when the interview was aired on Melbourne's "raddo" radio station 3CR, the place names sounded as if they'd been read out by an incomprehensible pill-popping punk Pig Latin exponent.

Now RAM can reveal the poop behind the scoop — Rudd pretaped an interview revealing that W.H.Y would actually be the first Australian rock band to perform behind the Iron Curtain, but after the taping session he got cold feet and told the announcer, David Langsam, he wanted it scrapped.

A cunning 3CR producer saved the day — he hit upon the brilliant idea of cutting up the tape and turning the sections detailing W.H.Y.'s itinerary back to front and upside down. The banned bits were then spliced back in and the interview aired.

Unscrambling the tapes, one discovers that W.H.Y., comprising Mike Rudd and his long-time sidekick Bill Putt, plus John Moon and Weird Harold (a drum machine), will be performing in Hungary, Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union.

Their Eastern Bloc tour is being organised by former Tangerine Dream member Klaus Schulze (*see feature page 19*) and his independent record company, Innovative Communications — the Aussie branch of which is called IC Down Under. Schulze was in Australia a few weeks ago to promote the label and to scout some promising local talent — he was "very impressed" with W.H.Y. and immediately had them sign the dotted line for the controversial tour.

But all the tight-lipped Rudd would say about his imminent rort to Russia was: "It will be a fantastic experience. We've got a remarkable first for an Australian band because as far as I know we will be the only local band to be playing behind the Iron Curtain, and that will be very interesting."

As it turns out there *was* some basis for Rudd's reluctance to reveal the full facts, as the Department of Foreign Affairs doesn't agree that his sock-it-to-the-Soviets sojourn will be a "fantastic experience". "Unpatriotic" is more like it, because the Department is still enforcing the official cultural exchange ban it imposed on the Soviets when they invaded Afghanistan.

But it is powerless to stop non-government sponsored tours. The Foreign Affairs Minister's private secretary, John Okely, said: "There is nothing the Government can or would do about it. Obviously we still maintain our restrictions against the Soviet Union over Afghanistan and the Government has not been backward in saying that it would prefer that any links with the Eastern Bloc countries be toned down or suspended.

"But it certainly doesn't have any wish to interfere with individual rights in this respect."

PETER OLSZEWSKI

PROPHECIES UNLIMITED

— Wasn't 1983 Wonderful!

While everyone else is still clogging the newsstands with retrospectives on something called '1982', down here at Rockmanship Central we're already hard at work on finishing off 1983. Trend-spotting, career-evaluating, long-range forecasting. . . it's tough, dirty work, but someone's got to do it. Imagine having to live through the next year with the constant fear of something fresh and unexpected happening! It's just not on.

So let's dust off the crystal balls, slurp the tea leaves, throw the I Ching over the cliff and do a little hard prophesising.

1983 Will Be A Good Year For. . .

MOVING TO BERLIN: The **Birthday Party** did it, **Hunters And Collectors** are doing it, even the Russian Army's going to do it! Berlin, with its fun-loving, free-moving population of artists, politicians and spys is *the* place for a band to get its act together: besides which, as **Nick Cave** pointed out in RAM # 199, "Vodka is only two quid a bottle." Next year's *Countdown* Awards will include a satellite cross to Checkpoint Charlie.

FORMING SUPER GROUPS: The **Party Boys** have shown the way, and after **James Reyne** leaves Australian Crawl to boogie with that fine assortment you may expect a flood of band breakups as Oz rock artistes finally muster the guts to seek their true soul mates. Look forward with confidence to **Hairless 1000**, featuring **Angry Anderson, Peter Garrett, John Power** and **Bob Spencer,** with a place being kept warm for **Russell Morris.**

QUEENSLAND: Joh will discover rock'n'roll as a natural marketable resource. The Saints, The Riptides and The Go-Betweens will return home to play in the Casino erected on the two acres not yet sold to foreign investors. There will be dancing in the streets of Brisbane (provided you have a police permit).

BARRY MANILOW: Extra-terrestrial intelligence will be discovered only 1,567 light years from Earth. A massive write-in vote nominates Barry as the Man Most In Touch With Humanity's Noblest Ideals; already acclimatised to suspended animation, Manilow is blasted into deep space to negotiate.

SKYHOOKS: Who will reform for a one night 'Save *Juke's* Credibility' benefit.

MALCOLM FRASER: Who will continue to get away with murder while the Labour Party leadership struggles itself to a standstill.

MARGARET THATCHER: Ditto.

LONG HAIR: Worn in front of the face, as inspired by Yazoo's **Vince Clarke** and A Flock Of Seagulls' **Mike Score.**

BELL BOTTOMS AND PLATFORM SHOES: White plastic boots came back last year — don't be caught napping!

MOBILE DRUNK TANKS: Capitalising on widespread drink-driving paranoia, enterprising entrepreneur **'Duncan Outofit'** introduces his fleet of Alternative Booze Buses, which pick up punters from their homes and transport them to the venue of their choice in air-conditioned, alcoholic comfort: each bus carries a fully-outfitted bar on board, along with sofas and bean bags. Patrons are whisked to gigs, poured inside, and their remains collected at the close of the evening, to be later deposited at their homes or the A.A. Centre of their choice.

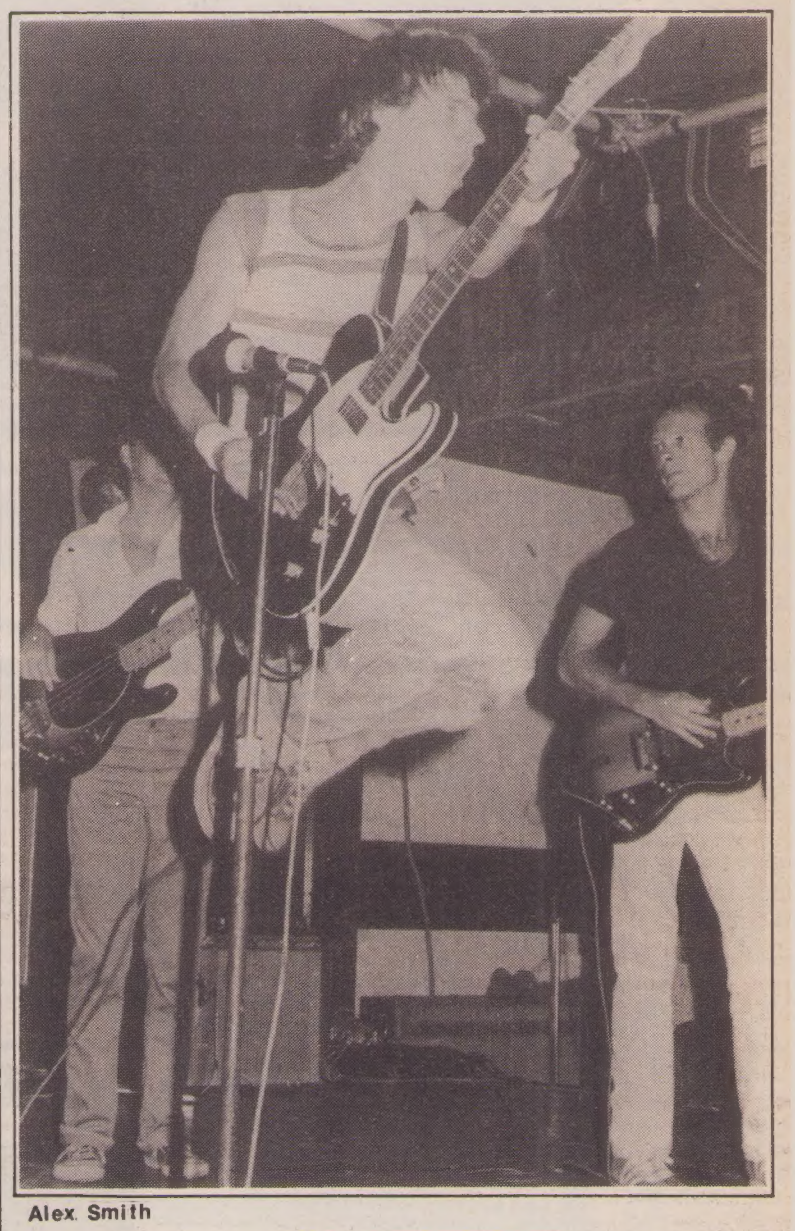
DIAL-A-BAND: Those unable to afford the above service may resort to Dial-A-Band, for the ultimate in home-delivered entertainment: rock'n'roll is a mere phone call away.

"Hello? Dial-A-Band? I'd like the economy package please."

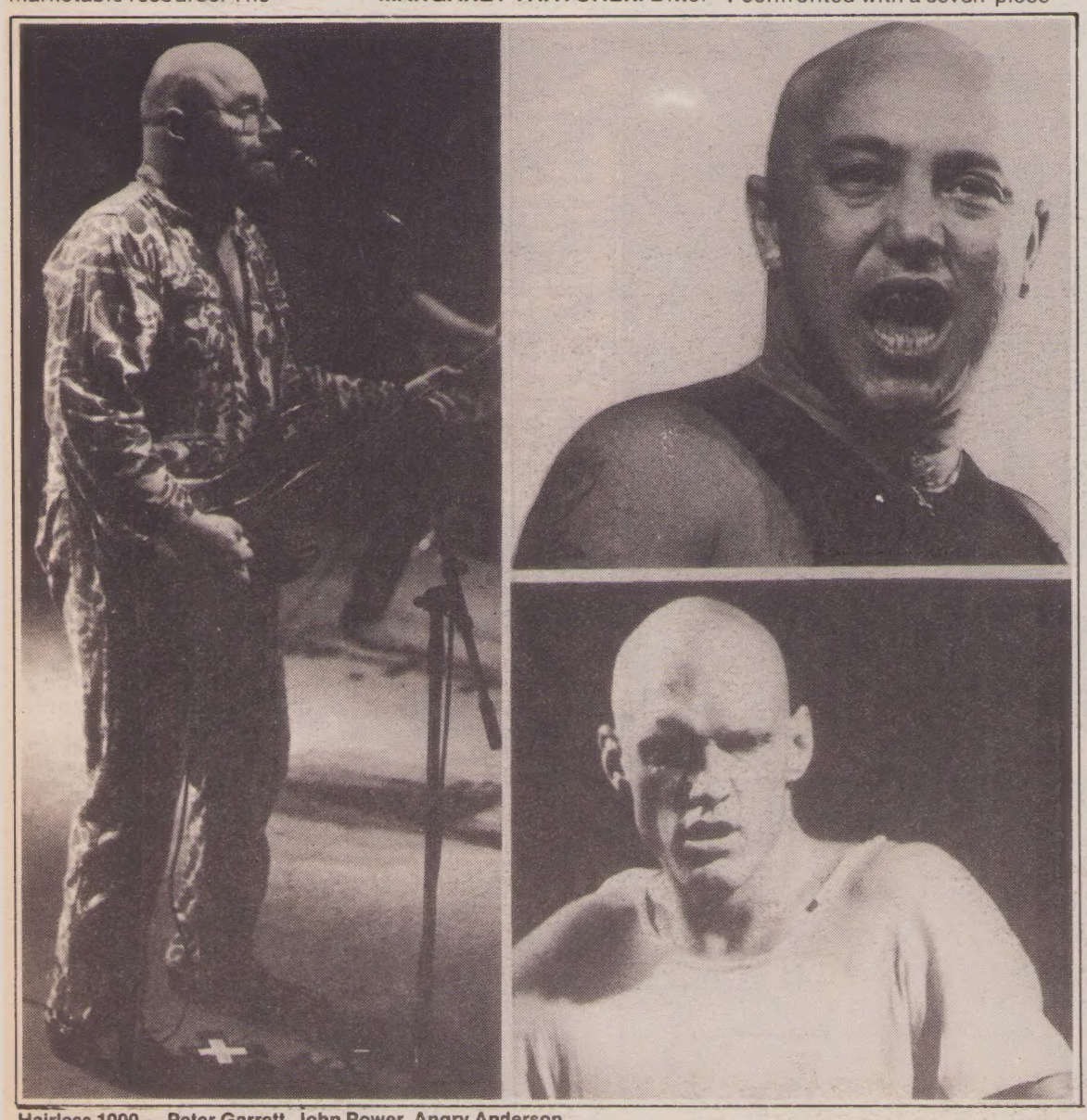
"Certainly sir. You can have INXS without the Farriss brothers, The Angels sans Brewsters, or the Mentals without Anything."

DOOR-TO-DOOR ROCK'N'ROLL: The doorbell rings. . .you answer it to be confronted with a seven-piece band on your doorstep. Of course, it helps to have a front-of-house P.A. system handy for those steamy days on the terrace. Or an in-house system will do just as well, though you may have trouble squeezing the Allniters or the Things into your living room, and there's some doubt as to whether Goannas have yet been house-trained.

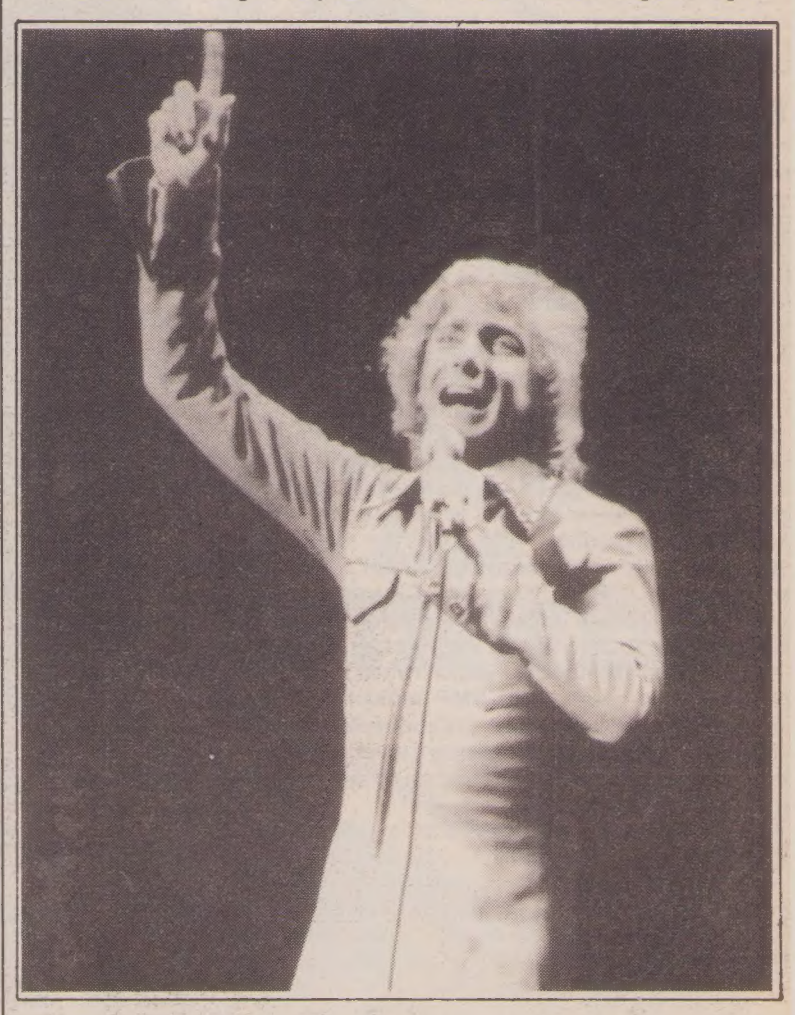
ALEX SMITH: World's Most Enthusiastic Person (Under 3 Ft. Division) will sing at least once with both feet on stage all night.



Alex Smith



Hairless 1000 — Peter Garrett, John Power, Angry Anderson



TV WE'D RATHER NOT SEE IN '83

During a rare bout of genuine enthusiasm in which he presents three Bette Davis movies and a brace of Tyrone Power classics back-to-back, Bill Collins fascinates himself to death.

John Laws undergoes a successful auxiliary voice transplant to enable him to do simultaneous radio and T.V. broadcasts with no brain interference!

In an over-zealous moment on *Sale Of The Century*, Tony Barber accidentally sells himself — but the asking price is found to be way too high for most contestants, one of whom opts for a working replica of Graham Kennedy instead.

A new wave of T.V. bitchery spawns a widespread outbreak of husband-bashing.

Incest runs rampant as rabid fans of *Sons And Daughters* struggle to identify with their heroes and heroines, while an upsurge in bestiality is attributed to the equally high-rating *A Country Practice*.

On Sydney late-night TV, Issi Dye is endorsed as the official test pattern, but no-one can keep him still long enough for it to be used effectively.

Commercials replace programmes on the ratings cards: everyone remembers the ads — no-one can remember the shows! Full frontal sex-sell in power tool ads replaces coyly revealed shoulders or expanses of thigh.

The Thornbirds, adapted from the mega-novel of even more mega-author Colleen McCullough, becomes the biggest Australian telemovie never to be made in Australia.

Jack Thompson does yet another of the commercials he makes when he's not making a movie. . . this time, he endorses The Year of the Unemployed Macho Stereotype.

1983 Will Be A Bad Year For. . .

CONVERSATION: The last remaining sector of the public who haven't had their ears damaged beyond repair by rock'n'roll will don Walkmen with high-performance headphones to finish the job, thus eliminating communication once and for all.

CLOTHES: Many people will be forced to go forth naked following the inevitable collapse of the rag trade, which will bow to the recession and fall flat on its face.

BEER: Alcoholics across the land will suddenly realise that spirits are cheaper.

KANGAROOS: More and more will find their way onto foreign dinner tables under the guise of 'Quality Australian beef'.

CARS: No-one will feel game enough to drive if they've had a drink in the last two weeks.

HOTELS: As drink prices escalate and drink-driving paranoia reels out of control, patronage will all but disappear.

FISH: Tax agents with aqualungs will be spotted in Sydney Harbour.

MEN: As sperm banks proliferate across the country, the male of the species will cease to function as an active sexual being.

SPERM BANKS: Infertile women across the country will become hopelessly overdrawn on their accounts.

ABORTIONISTS: Vasectomy will become *the* party pick-up line: "Do you like my new reversible two-tone vasectomy?"

DRUMMERS: The World Wildlife Foundation will mount an emergency campaign to save the last drummer from extinction in the face of the electronic beat. Lynda Stoner will supervise efforts to persuade it to mate in captivity.

NEW ZEALAND: The next election will be decided by absentee votes from Bondi. Prime Minister Muldoon and the other remaining residents will switch off the lights and retire to the Gold Coast.

DOPE PRICES: Which will break the $2,000 per pound barrier. The Stock Exchange will consider opening a Marijuana Futures Market; the move will be vigorously supported by the Griffith Agricultural Finance Team (G.R.A.F.T.)

OZZY OSBOURNE: Who will have his head bitten off by a giant vampire bat.

1983 Will be The Same Old Crock For. . .

THE ROLLING STONES AND STATUS QUO: Cruising through the *second twenty years*.

THE MODELS: Who will reduce numbers to minus 4, then regroup ten minutes later as a 47-piece.

CABLE TV/BLANK TAPE ROYALTIES/VIDEO DISCS: They're all "just around the corner" and nothing will materialise.

MOLLY AND DONNY: Will reign secure and supreme in Oz rock TV as all their new and eager competitors go down the tubes.

THE PRICE OF ENTERTAINMENT: Of which, like taxes, nothing is certain but that it will go up.

RAM # 225

At great expense, and no small personal risk, we have managed to time-port, or retrieve from 'up-when', RAM Issue 225, which will appear on January 4, 1984, Australian Real Time. We don't want to bore you with the technical details of how this is done, but believe me, it was no cake walk.

Suffice to say that we were shocked at what we saw. The cover, in lurid shades of asbestos and Alfoil, shows a large Monitor lizard being impaled on a spit by a depraved woman, under the headline *Olivia Tones Down Her Act*. Other stories promised for 225 included *Where Orwell Fucked Up, Shuttlerock: The Stones In Space, Brain Death! Paolo Hewitt Talks To Lichenstein's Rock Sensation On Tour In Iceland*, and *Rockmanship III*.

The *Transit Lounge* column was a hoot. We all had a few laughs over the Green Records fire, and we wish we could pass on what the insurance assessor had to say. There was a lot of talk of Jon English reforming, Selina's re-opening, and *Roadrunner* starting up *again*. There was little or no talk of the major record companies, which we can only assume will have ceased to exist by then.

The Letters page was full of abuse for Stuart Coupe's VFL story, a rave he's been itching to do for years that Editor Steve Kilbey must have allowed in against his better judgment. One letter that caught us all off-guard read as follows:

Dear Turkeys,
What's the point of Andrew McMillan being a teetotaller if his stories start making sense?
E. Rolle, Canberra

The *Edge City* story about the Real Fucking Idiots' gold record presentation left Phil Stafford speechless; he can't believe that he'll be writing this sort of drivel next Christmas. Neither can the rest of us.

There are repeated references to 'Meteor Shower', and America being "blown out". It seems like this is going to be a major event sometime in August, but it's hard to say whether Meteor Shower is a band or a catastrophe. And what's all this talk about *Russian Tanks In Paris*? If it was such a lousy gig, why isn't it in *Seen & Heard* with the other shows, instead of being mentioned in every second story? Maybe it was one of those things that everybody already knew about.

As far as we can work out, there's going to be a major new musical instrument invented in '83, called the Squergle. Lots of the reviews talked about squergle players, some in glowing terms. Check out this album review:

"The Things have really come of age with the addition of Ralph Spartz on squergle. It seems incredible that such a totally new instrument could be mastered in such little time, but this guy Spartz can really squerg. The title track, *Amazing Face*, features him roaming aimlessly over a quarter tone progression that can only be described as lobotomised, weaving a hypnotic shroud of sickening thuds and feverish exclamations. Apparently they use the instrument live, which has meant hiring cranes and scaffolding, plus two extra crew just to operate the acetylene tanks."

Some of the marketing ploys that appear to have gone awry in '83 include edible record covers (Reels sued for $1,000,000 over mass salmonella), M²'s independent re-make of *Doble Gillis* (eventually supported by Tch, Tch, Tch at Paddo Town Hall), Barry Manilow at the Sydney Entertainment Centre (thousands crushed at exits, Sir Asher Joel leaps from fifteenth floor of American Club), and Narara Swamp.

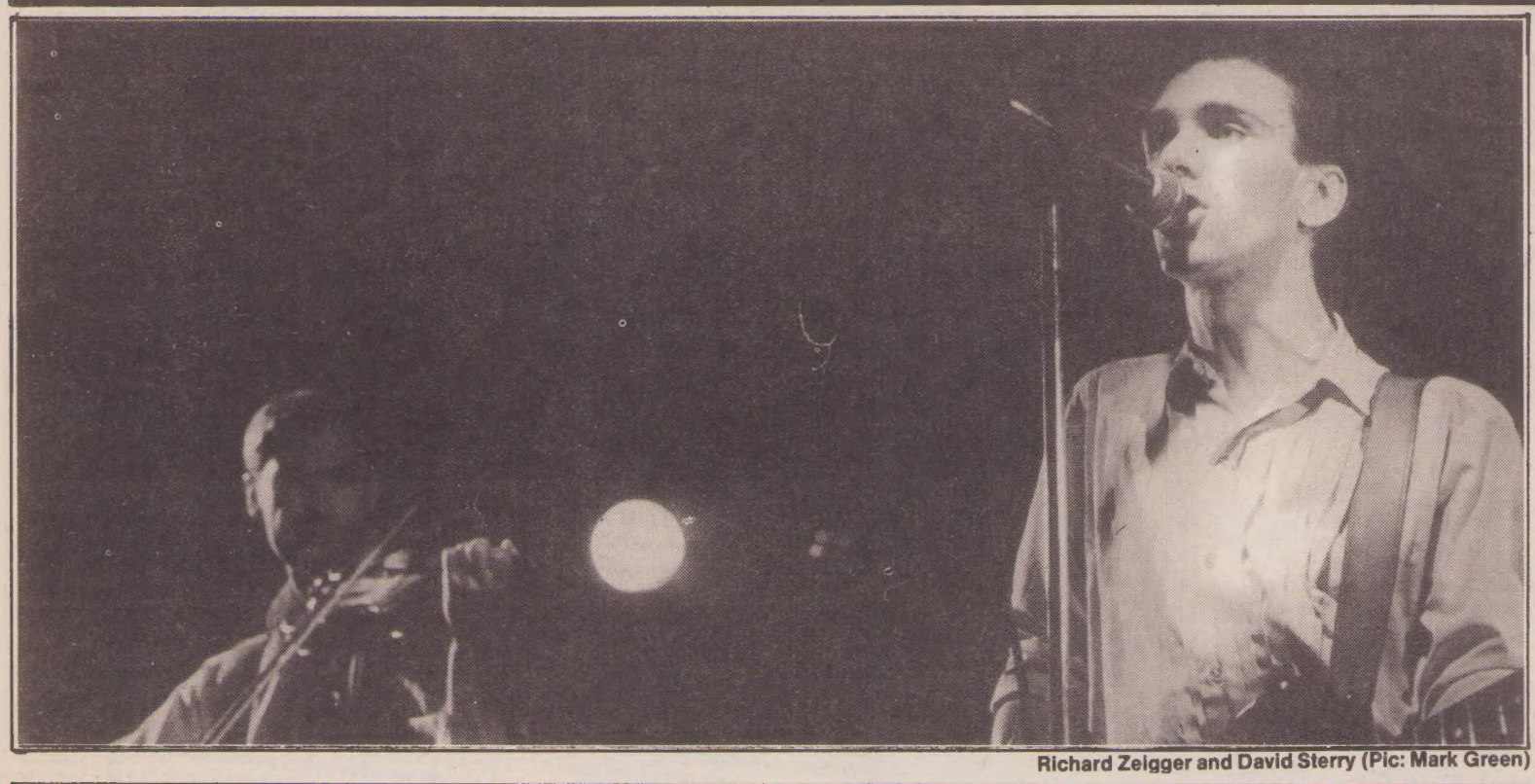
Successes can be counted on one hand. Among them are anti-herpetic body spray, the Columbian export drive and the big winner of '83, the Anzac Day All-Ireland Hurling Riot at the SCG. Of course, we can't forget the Squergle.

The New Models?

. . . and remember: pigs will fly!

Practical And Artistic Young Men From The South DEPT.
ELLY McDONALD goes to Melbourne for Christmas, and comes back with...

The Day To Day Business of A REAL LIFE



Richard Zeigger and David Sterry (Pic: Mark Green)

"MOST BANDS don't realise that the industry doesn't have closed doors. It only takes a couple of well-placed questions and you start getting some sensible answers. Bands often plough into these things without any real understanding of what's involved, and it doesn't *have* to be like that at all. There are always people in the industry who are willing to help."

Speaking is Richard Zeigger (who surely had a different surname last I knew?), and nodding in agreement is David Sterry. These two are the heart, soul, brains and legal signatories for Melbourne outfit A Real Life, reputedly one of the highest paid unrecorded bands in the country and without doubt one of the more promising. Coming from a pair who describe themselves as "probably the two most cynical people in the business", the statement has a disingenuous ring. They both choose their words very carefully, with the inevitable effect that the most interesting comments are all off the record. They come across like a team of particularly bright young executives explaining a presentation to the board.

A Real Life (Zeigger-Sterry P/L, to be precise) makes a point of developing the most effective contacts, of only working within organisations which have a genuine power-base within the industry, in order to ensure in so far as possible the band's success while at the same time working to retain maximum control over its career.

"It was good when we didn't have management," says David, vocalist and guitarist, "because we really learned the ropes. For example, Richard had done all the figures on different types of record deals; we'd go into record companies and quote their figures at them, quote how much one of their bands was going to earn or lose on an album, and they were astonished at that. We've really learned the ins and outs of publishing, recording and management."

A Real Life have been offered a number of attractive recording deals, but until they're completely satisfied with the terms and the timing, they're prepared to sit out. Currently, there's some speculation that a world-wide deal with an overseas company may be in the works. Whoever they eventually sign with, they insist on working with an overseas producer, believing that Australian producers (with the possible exception of Mark Opitz) would be unable to bring out the best in their aggressive but contemporary sound.

"We'd give our right arms to go into the studio straight away," David says, "but our whole future is at stake. For the last two years we've starved, we've been through hell — no, no kidding, we've really been through hell!

"This is our only chance, perhaps. We're going to make the best of it. We're not going to settle for anything less!"

Richard is an 8th grade classical violinist who dropped out of the Victorian College of the Arts, and David is an 8th grade classical guitarist who did likewise; they came together as a songwriting team in 1980. Originally known as Wires, they changed the band's name to A Private Life when drummer Danny Simcic ousted the drum machine, joining the Zeigger/Sterry nucleus and bassist Alan Johnson. A Sydney band who neither perform nor record had the name Private Lives, so in order to avoid confusion they changed names once again, to A Real Life, when in March '82 the Dirty Pool agency in Melbourne took them on. As the only Melbourne outfit on the prestigious Dirty Pool roster, they were given special attention.

Shortly before Dirty Pool closed their Melbourne operation towards the end of '82, rock entrepreneur Glenn Wheatley made moves to sign A Real Life to Tumbleweed Music, his publishing company, and since at that time A Real Life were "reassessing our management situation", they negotiated a personal management deal as well. Although for practical business purposes they retain considerable independence, Richard and David believe that being aligned with the powerful Wheatley Organisation will prove a great advantage.

Richard (who plays keyboards in addition to electric violin onstage) points out that because of the recession, fewer people can afford to see bands regularly, and therefore within the next few months quite a few venues will close and quite a few bands won't be able to get work. He's determined that *his* band not be one of them.

"If people are going to pay to see us," he argues, "and if we *are* going to succeed, we have to have the best sound, the best stage, the best lights. More and more, having these resources is going to come down to *who* you know. There's very little difference between the music and the business. They're joined together."

AN AFFAIR — Accessible, But No Truck Drivers

"I DON'T THINK a lot of Australian bands really care how they look," frowns An Affair's Stu Storm. "They could be... *truck drivers* during the day. But music, let's face it, is an art. To me, either you live like an artist or you — well, you don't go and drive a truck during the day or work in a bank and then go and play in a band, because that would be a lie. You live what you're expressing."

It has not been a good week for An Affair. One of the band has just written off his car, another was bashed the previous night; and I'd missed half their set because I took the train in the wrong direction again and wound up in Woop-Woop before I cottoned on.

Nonetheless, having ascertained that I'm genuinely a journalist by day as well as on weekends, they settle down most co-operatively to talk about themselves.

"The look of this band separates us from the rest," continues Stu, who plays synth and helps out on vocals.

Lead vocalist John Justin nods. "Very gaunt, decadent..."

An Affair, to use John's words, "rose from the ashes of Modesty", a "new romantic, glam-rock band" which played around Melbourne throughout 1981. Prior to Modesty John had performed with the Thunderbolt Theatre Group (a mime troupe), Stu had been with the Hip Singles ("a touring band in New Zealand"), drummer Peter Cook had played guitar with James Freud and Berlin, and bassist/synth player (minimally) Anthony Moore was with MEO 245.

They formed An Affair in August '82, and comparing the newer band with Modesty, Stu describes An Affair as "a lot more pop, a lot stronger generally. Possibly a bit more... not commercial... what's that *other* word? The one that's more digestible?"

Accessible?

"Accessible. That's the one! The way that An Affair get away with being commercial is that we work on strong up-front melodies, the Beatle-type melodies, but with an interesting backing. It's a whole myriad of different sounds.

"Synthesisers haven't been used properly yet; even bands like Flock of Seagulls, which have had commercial success, use synths like somebody would do after having one only two weeks. It's pathetic!

"John's lyrics also feature unusual elements. Not a lot of Australian bands write anything worth listening to: like, *Solid Rock* and all that sort of thing — rock'n'roll died when the Sex Pistols came around!

"With us, the lyrics and the whole feel are atmospheric."

"I think we have a slight psychedelic edge," adds John, "because there are quite a few bizarre sounds..."

John Justin (Pic: Mark Green)

Scattered throughout An Affair's conversation are references to the bands they admire: Japan, Ultravox, Duran Duran (for being so commercial and getting away with it) — even Split Enz are granted respect, they being an encouraging example of a band whose approach was out of step with local tastes when they first appeared on the scene, yet who have won through strongly both at home and abroad. An Affair believe their future prospects are brightest on the overseas horizon. Melbourne's inner-city scene doesn't seem to fully appreciate the "glam, pretty-boy image" John acknowledges An Affair projects. They're depressed by what they perceive as the insularity of Australia and the lack of originality in its music.

The sooner they're rich, famous and elsewhere the better, as far as the band are concerned, and they're prepared to work hard towards that end. Realistically, An Affair have potential: the songs they write (prolifically) and play are imaginative, well-presented and terribly *accessible.*

DEREK & CLIVE —Too Rude For Who?

First we got the record, *Greatest Hits.* Then we got the letter, a rather abrupt piece of work informing us that *Greatest Hits* would only be available for two more weeks. PAT SHEIL rails against record company self-censorship, finds out even more about obscenity, and subjects himself to DEREK & CLIVE.

Q: Why did the Irish abortionist go out of business?
A: His ferret died.

Pretty gross joke, eh? I mean, it's sufficiently tasteless to warrant great care in picking people to tell it to. Grandmothers and feminists are out of the question, as are most people really. Only devotees of High Tack (like myself) find this sort of thing amusing.

Why is it a tacky joke? What makes people think for a second, twist their faces and cry "Eaagch. . ."? Who cares? It works. A sick joke isn't perverse in itself, it's a key to the cesspit of primal muck that lies buried in every one of us. I don't think there's anything innately obscene about Irish gynaecology (although I've had very little to do with it), and a dead ferret is probably less disturbing than a live one. But put 'em together and what have you got? Images of hideous backyard proceedings: the mind fills with pictures of ravenous ferrets eagerly awaiting the day's work, and crazed Irishmen counting ill-gotten loot over too much whiskey.

There are lots of ways of doing this, of course. From subtle innuendo to gauche double entendre, through indelicate offerings like the one above to relentless obscenity, many are the ways to touch humanity's fascination with its own seamy origins, predelictions and destinations. So let's get right down to it. Let's talk about relentless obscenity, and a couple of relentlessly obscene fellows named Derek and Clive.

The whole question of what's rude and what ain't has come up because D & C's material has been, we are told, "withdrawn from sale", on account of its concentrated rudeness. Those of you familiar with their classic sketch *This Bloke Came Up To Me. . .* will agree that this stuff is indeed extremely rude, about the rudest verbiage to make its way onto record. That this pinnacle of bad taste has been suppressed should vex us greatly. We should find out who suppressed it, why they suppressed it, and then do a little suppressing ourselves.

As far as I've been able to find out, the demise of Derek and Clive began just where you would expect: in Queensland. It seems that a young lad up there was doing his best to improve himself, listening with rapt attention to his new D & C album, when his mother walked in out of the blue and caught him at it. Imagine the scene! Off to bed without any supper, I guess, scarlet faces all round, family harmony in tatters.

If this pathetic little scenario had remained a sordid domestic affair, all would be well. D & C would have scored another minor victory over public morals, and their new album, *Greatest Hits,* would have hit the stores on schedule.

But no. Fired with maternal indignation, this misguided parent went out of her way to make sure that the mind warping, youth polluting smut she had heard on the family stereo would never threaten Queensland kiddyhood again. She complained, a complaint that succeeded as few complaints do. With the prosecution of Melbourne record merchant Keith Glass (for selling The Dead Kennedys' *Too Drunk To Fuck*) firmly in mind, KRASS RECORDS decided to avoid threatened legal action by simply deleting the entire D & C range from their sales catalogue, effective as of January 31.

Now maybe they thought they were saving themselves a heap of trouble, and maybe they were right. They own the material, and it's up to them what they do with it. But, and here's the rub, it's a sorry thing that an irate Queensland matron can scare a record company into withdrawing five albums nationally, (rather like Margaret Rutherford throwing out a pesky travelling salesman).

In fact, it sucks. What happened to the gung-ho approach that powered the *Oz* obscenity trial? Where's the "We think it's funny, lots of people think it's funny, and anyone who doesn't can go into a corner and sob" approach?

Remember, this stuff has been on the market for some years now, and selling very well as far as comedy albums go. The Sydney Krass-man, ALLAN BLAKE, is in America and unable to answer these charges, so maybe we speak too soon. But I don't think so. . .

Derek ('Dudley Moore')

Clive ('Peter Cook')

Derek and Clive are of course known for their pursuits under other names, specifically PETER COOK and DUDLEY MOORE. The whole routine is an off-shoot of their earlier work as a comedy duo, which involved the TV show *Not Only But Also,* lots of live appearances and several albums, including *Beyond The Fringe,* (and its sequel, *Behind The Fridge,* which was recorded in Melbourne during an Australian jaunt over ten years ago). Films also emerged, *Bedazzled* probably being the best.

Derek And Clive is their only joint venture of recent years, and makes for fascinating listening in the light of their other projects, especially Dudley Moore's. How delightful is the contrast between the cuddly, harmless Moore of *10* and *Arthur,* or the semi-serious jazz pianist of touring trios, and the foul-mouthed disgrace that is Derek! A wise career move, in so far as he can't be accused of selling out completely, and it would probably do a lot of good if other celebrity-type persons were to put out some refreshingly disgusting afterthoughts. Abba could release *Gustav And Ingrid* perhaps, or maybe The Nolans could come up with *50 Favourite Snot-Related Giggles.*

At this point, let me leave you with Peter Cook and Dudley Moore's liner notes for *Derek And Clive (Live),* written in 1973, but just as poignant today. . .

"Since the recording, Derek and Clive have been besieged by offers, Vegas, The London Palladium, Fiji, but they prefer the simple, natural life of the toilets. 'There's a certain rhythm there,' says Derek. 'You know where you stand,' states Clive. One cannot but sympathise with them. The seemingly glittering world of 'Show business' with its broken marriages, drugs and enormous rewards leaves them disinterested. We can only admire their straightforward point of view. Poets? Satirists? Philosophers? Comedians? Social commentators? Derek and Clive sum it up more succinctly. 'Just a couple of cunts', is their frank self-appraisal."

PAT SHEIL

STOP PRESS
Out Soon:
The Latest (& Last)
UK No1 Single "BEAT SURRENDER"
*Also Available as a strictly Limited Import
5 TRACK DOUBLE SINGLE E.P.
THE JAM say farewell
LIVE
Dig The New Breed
Give the gift of music.
SIDE ONE
IN THE CITY
Recorded at The 100 Club, London - 11th September 1977
ALL MOD CONS
Recorded at The Rainbow, London - 13th December 1979
TO BE SOMEONE
Recorded at The Rainbow, London - 13th December 1979
IT'S TOO BAD
Recorded at The Rainbow, London - 13th December 1979
START
Recorded at The Hammersmith Palais, London - 14th December 1981
BIG BIRD
Recorded at The Hammersmith Palais, London - 14th December 1981
SET THE HOUSE ABLAZE
Recorded at The Hammersmith Palais, London - 14th December 1981
SIDE TWO
GHOSTS
Recorded at Bingley Hall, Birmingham - 21st March 1982
STANDARDS
Recorded at Reading University - 16th February 1979
IN THE CROWD
Recorded at The Edinburgh Playhouse - 6th April 1982
GOING UNDERGROUND
Recorded at The Glasgow Apollo - 8th April 1982
DREAMS OF CHILDREN
Recorded at The Glasgow Apollo - 8th April 1982
THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT
Recorded at The Glasgow Apollo - 8th April 1982
PRIVATE HELL
Recorded at The Glasgow Apollo - 8th April 1982
polydor
FROM POLYGRAM RECORDS

BOW WOW WOW

"Everybody Must Get Slagged!"

A drama in half-an-act by
STEVE 'The Hippy' SUTHERLAND

THE CAST:
Annabella Lu Win — an attractive damsel in distress.
Matthew Ashman — A skinny, mohican-haired bounder, the villain of the piece.
Dave La Barbarossa — a swarthy pirate with a heart of gold.
Lee Gorman — a stunted, scurrilous kitchen boy.
The Hack — a balding busy-body and notorious gossip.

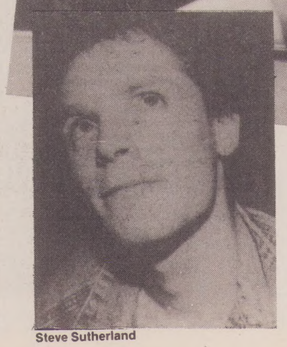
THE TONE:
Suitable for a mid-evening minority slot, peppered with just enough blasphemies to feign street credibility while tantalising the dailies, just enough sex to appear liberal while titillating the old man, and just enough inanity to allow its inconclusiveness to pass for a stab at reality.

THE SCENE:
A risque rock band, Bow Wow Wow, are assembled round a table in a hotel bar, feeling tired and emotional. Their current tour is under-advertised and, thus, under-attended, their forthcoming album — suitably named after a quote from *Animal House: When The Going Gets Tough, The Tough Get Going* — is not due for release until later this year, and following a long period of bitter inactivity, to give a finally secured scandalous divorce from their Svengali, Malcolm McLaren.

The hack turns on his tape recorder convinced that the public sees the band as McLaren's discarded puppets, all washed up. Aware that with a normal group he'd have to sift through a plethora of respectable platitudes to elicit some filth, with Bow Wow Wow it's vice versa and somewhere, amid all the hackneyed abuse, he must discover some truth or forgo his Christmas bonus!

Hack: As, in inverted commas, "pop stars"...
Matthew: What d'you mean? Less of the inverted commas — capital "P", capital "S"!
H:..What use are you?
M: What use are pop stars to anybody? Well, they provide you with a living for a start, *hippy!*
Annabella: What's the name of your paper?
M: "Hippy Weekly"!
H: Does it matter to you?
A: No, 'cos I hate all press anyway — they've got nothing to say. *I* could be a journalist if I wanted to. I think I'd write something a bit more wittier than most of 'em do anyway; all those very long words they use 'n' that!
M: What? Like *and* and *it*? Do you think anything you ever say or do is remotely interesting to anybody, *hippy?* Because I don't! Insulting hippies is a good laugh, I enjoy it y'know.
H *(a mite flustered, trying a new tack):* Tell me about the new album.
Dave: It's brilliant... it's different. It's made out of playdough instead of vinyl. It's dedicated to love, peace and harmony, John Belushi and James Honeyman Scott: two great rockin' geezers who died. Marvellous chaps! No bullshit! And it's also dedicated to having a rockin' time...
M: And laughing in the face of grey Thatcherism! Before this album, we were in the clutches of a so-called genius called Malcolm McLaren who supposedly wrote all the lyrics, whereas in actual fact, the lyrics he wrote were a kind of voyeuristic 35-year-old's view of the world through the bottom of a gin and tonic. So now you see the *real* Malcolm McLaren — he's going round the outside and shitting on the floor, being a general bloodsucker and *not* giving the world a massive cultural lesson like what he would like us to believe. All I can say is, if the truth loves to go naked, why is Malcom McLaren so heavily into the rag scene?
D: That's a fuckin' pretty profound, deep, heavy, roll-a-joint-on-a-Led Zeppelin cover comment, that!
M: The man's beggin' for a slaggin' saying things like Bow Wow Wow and ABC in the same breath. He *wants* us to slag him off so YOU'RE GETTING ONE YOU CUNT McLAREN, SAYS MATTHEW! If you want to know, it's a very sore point within the band at the moment.
Lee: Yeah, we all wanna 'it 'im!
H: Is that all you'll remember of '82?
L: Nah! There was the Falklands... thought that was a big joke... and we went to Japan, Hawaii an' all that and had a brilliant time... shagged loads of birds, caught three kinds of clap...

Bow Wow Wow — Dave, Matthew, Lee and Annabella (Pic: Steve Rapport/LFI)



Steve Sutherland

CHARTZ

OZ 45s

TW	LW	HP	WI		
1	2	1	6	DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME?	Culture Club
2	1	1	9	PASS THE DUTCHIE	Musical Youth
3	3	3	13	SOLID ROCK	Goanna
4	4	4	8	MANEATER	Daryl Hall & John Oates
5	7	5	6	DR HECKYLL AND MR JIVE	Men at Work
6	5	3	14	ROCK THE CASBAH	Clash
7	6	1	15	COME ON EILEEN	Dexy's Midnight Runners
8	8	8	10	THIS GUY'S IN LOVE (With You)	Reels
9	11	9	8	IT'S RAINING AGAIN	Supertramp
10	18	10	5	•HEARTBREAKER	Dionne Warwick
11	9	8	8	HEY LITTLE GIRL	Icehouse
12	10	5	8	THE GIRL IS MINE	Michael Jackson & Paul McCartney
13	12	12	9	BACK ON THE CHAIN GANG	Pretenders
14	19	14	6	THE CLAPPING SONG	Belle Stars
15	13	6	12	JACK AND DIANE	John Cougar
16	15	15	11	I'M SO EXCITED	Pointer Sisters
17	30	17	4	•I EAT CANNIBALS	Toto Coelo
18	17	17	11	HOT IN THE CITY	Billy Idol
19	14	14	6	DON'T CHANGE	INXS
20	16	9	12	IT STARTED WITH A KISS	Hot Chocolate
21	35	21	4	•MIRROR MAN	Human League
22	21	21	5	WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN	Fureys
23	32	23	5	•HEARTLIGHT	Neil Diamond
24	20	20	6	STAND UP	Angels
25	33	25	4	•LOVE MY WAY	Psychedelic Furs
26	25	13	10	WINNERS	Moving Pictures
27	—	27	1	•TRULY	Lionel Richie
28	23	14	10	DO YOU WANNA TOUCH ME (Oh Yeah)	Joan Jett & the Blackhearts
29	26	26	6	US FORCES	Midnight Oil
30	22	1	20	EYE OF THE TIGER	Survivor
31	27	27	4	WE CAN'T BE BEATEN	Rose Tattoo
32	—	32	1	•GLORIA	Laura Branigan
33	34	33	5	ALL OF MY HEART	ABC
34	31	16	12	TRUE LOVE	Billy Field
35	38	35	4	THE RIVER	King Trigger
36	—	36	1	STEPPIN' OUT	Joe Jackson
37	—	35	3	MY FRIEND	Simon Gallaher & Jackie Love
38	37	31	9	FORGET ME NOTS	Patrice Rushen
39	28	12	13	TAXI MARY	Jo Jo Zep
40	36	34	5	ST LOUIS	Little River Band

The Extremely Cultural Boy George

OZ LPs

TW	LW	HP	WI		
1	1	1	15	LOVE OVER GOLD	Dire Straits
2	2	2	6	SPIRIT OF PLACE	Goanna
3	3	2	9	FAMOUS LAST WORDS	Supertramp
4	5	4	11	HOTTEST HITS	Hot Chocolate
5	4	3	6	10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1	Midnight Oil
6	9	1	17	PRIMITIVE MAN	Icehouse
7	6	4	12	THE NYLON CURTAIN	Billy Joel
8	7	3	10	H2O	Daryl Hall & John Oates
9	11	9	6	THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION	John Lennon
10	8	8	9	HEARTLIGHT	Neil Diamond
11	12	4	12	SHABOOH SHOOBAH	INXS
12	13	12	6	ENZ OF AN ERA	Split Enz
13	22	13	4	•KISSING TO BE CLEVER	Culture Club
14	10	10	6	CODA	Led Zeppelin
15	14	1	29	AVALON	Roxy Music
16	16	16	5	HEARTBREAKER	Dionne Warwick
17	15	11	9	GREATEST HITS Vol 3	Olivia Newton-John
18	19	14	10	SCARRED FOR LIFE	Rose Tattoo
19	29	19	5	•GREATEST HITS Vol 2	Eagles
20	21	5	19	THE LEXICON OF LOVE	ABC
21	18	2	14	TOO-RYE-AY	Dexys Midnight Runners
22	26	22	5	THRILLER	Michael Jackson
23	27	23	6	WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN	Fureys
24	25	16	8	GET NERVOUS	Pat Benatar
25	17	17	6	THE NIGHTFLY	Donald Fagen
26	23	22	6	HELLO, I MUST BE GOING	Phil Collins
27	20	3	20	NIGHT AND DAY	Joe Jackson
28	33	28	6	BAD REPUTATION	Joan Jett & the Blackhearts
29	30	28	10	JANE FONDA'S WORKOUT RECORD	Billy Field
30	24	21	6	TRY BIOLOGY	Billy Field
31	31	3	16	THE VERY BEST OF DON McLEAN	Don McLean
32	36	32	4	BEAUTIFUL	Reels
33	40	33	4	WHAT A RUDE ALBUM	Doug Mulray & Ken Sterling
34	—	34	1	THE VERY BEST OF THE CARPENTERS	Carpenters
35	28	2	27	MIRAGE	Fleetwood Mac
36	35	35	4	GREATEST HITS Vol 2	Little River Band
37	38	37	4	LIVING MY LIFE	Grace Jones
38	39	19	13	REVERIES 2	Richard Clayderman
39	—	39	1	ABSOLUTELY LIVE	Rod Stewart
40	—	40	1	THE MUSHROOM EVOLUTION CONCERT	

Compiled by SCANES MUSIC RESEARCH

UK 45S

1	21	YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE	Phil Collins
2	2	TIME	Culture Club
3	7	OUR HOUSE	Madness
4	—	•A WINTER'S TALE	David Essex
5	4	SAVE YOUR LOVE	Renee and Renato
6	12	PEACE ON EARTH/LITTLE DRUMMER BOY	David Bowie and Bing Crosby
7	8	BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES	Modern Romance
8	19	THE SHAKIN' STEVENS EP	Shakin' Stevens
9	16	BUFFALO GALS	Malcolm McLaren and the Worlds Famous Supreme Team
10	6	TRULY	Lionel Richie
11	—	•ALL THE LOVE IN THE WORLD	Dionne Warwick
12	17	HYMN	Ultravox
13	15	FRIENDS	Shalamar
14	30	LITTLE TOWN	Cliff Richard
15	3	MIRROR MAN	Human League
16	—	•CACHARPAYA	Incantation
17	5	YOUNG GUNS (GO FOR IT)	Wham!
18	1	BEAT SURRENDER	The Jam
19	27	IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT	Bucks Fizz
20	14	LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT	Dexys Midnight Runners
21	25	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer
22	28	DEAR ADDY	Kid Creole and the Coconuts
23	—	•ORVILLE'S SONG	Keith Harris and Orville
24	13	RIO	Duran Duran
25	—	•UNDER ATTACK	Abba
26	—	•HEARTACHE AVENUE	Maisonettes
27	9	WISHING (IF I HAD A PHOTOGRAPH OF YOU)	A Flock Of Seagulls
28	—	•THEME FROM "ET"	John Williams
29	11	THE OTHER SIDE OF LOVE	Yazoo
30	—	SINGALONG-A-SANTA	Santa Claus and the Christmas Trees

UK LPS

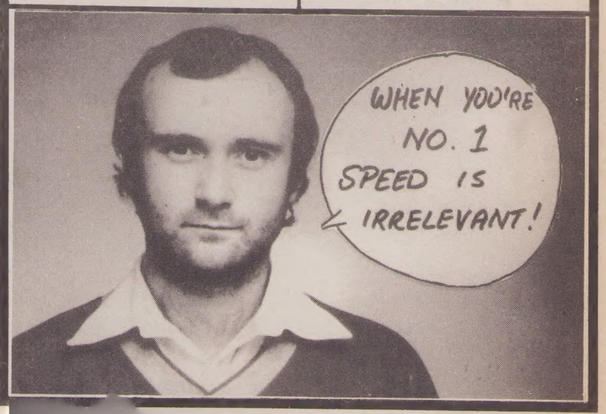
1	2	THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION	John Lennon
2	11	DIG THE NEW BREED	The Jam
3	1	THE SINGLES, THE FIRST TEN YEARS	Abba
4	3	CODA	Led Zeppelin
5	5	RIO	Duran Duran
6	4	HEARTBREAKER	Dionne Warwick
7	7	HELLO, I MUST BE GOING	Phil Collins
8	9	PEARLS II	Elkie Brooks
9	6	MIDNIGHT LOVE	Marvin Gaye
10	10	FROM THE MAKERS OF...	Status Quo
11	21	•THRILLER	Michael Jackson
12	8	SINGLES — 45's AND UNDER	Squeeze
13	13	THE KIDS FROM FAME	Various Artists
14	18	KISSING TO BE CLEVER	Culture Club
15	30	•FRIENDS	Shalamar
16	22	LOVE OVER GOLD	Dire Straits
17	15	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie
18	14	20 GREAT LOVE SONGS	Nat King Cole
19	28	LOVE SONGS	Diana Ross
20	12	I WANNA DO IT WITH YOU	Barry Manilow
21	20	THE RISE AND FALL	Madness
22	23	QUARTET	Ultravox
23	25	HAPPY FAMILIES	Blancmange
24	16	SAINTS AN' SINNERS	Whitesnake
25	19	LIVING MY LIFE	Grace Jones
26	24	CHART HITS '82	Various Artists
27	—	RICHARD CLAYDERMAN	Richard Clayderman
28	—	•CACHARPAYA	Incantation
29	27	THE YOUTH OF TODAY	Musical Youth
30	—	RAIDERS OF THE POP CHART	Various Artists

US 45S

1	1	MANEATER	Daryl Hall and John Oates
2	2	MICKEY	Toni Basil
3	4	THE GIRL IS MINE	Michael Jackson and Paul McCartney
4	3	TRULY	Lionel Richie
5	6	DIRTY LAUNDRY	Don Henley
6	10	DOWN UNDER	Men At Work
7	8	IT'S RAINING AGAIN	Supertramp
8	9	SEXUAL HEALING	Marvin Gaye
9	—	THE LOOK OF LOVE	ABC
10	5	STEPPIN' OUT	Joe Jackson

US LPS

1	3	BUSINESS AS USUAL	Men at Work
2	2	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie
3	1	BUILT FOR SPEED	Stray Cats
4	5	H2O	Daryl Hall and John Oates
5	6	GET NERVOUS	Pat Benatar
6	9	CODA	Led Zeppelin
7	8	MIDNIGHT LOVE	Marvin Gaye
8	4	FAMOUS LAST WORDS	Supertramp
9	7	NIGHT AND DAY	Joe Jackson
10	10	THE NYLON CURTAIN	Billy Joel



D: It's nothing to do with me — mum, don't read this!
L: It's not really me saying this, it's Annabella.
A: Fuck off!
L: That's nice innit? You make a little joke and what d'you get? Nastiness!
H: What about '83?
L: I wanna get rich, have a big swimming pool, loads of foxy whores. . . *(he turns to the hack)*. . . you've got a big bogey hanging out your nose!
M: Actually, I want a jumbo jet kitted out with a jacuzzi and a snooker table. . . There's nothin' more boring than a pissed hippy reader — says Matt, okay?
H: There is actually. . . an obnoxious mohican!
D: I'll chin 'im for that, Matt!
L: Shall we shave 'is 'ead?
H: You can try!
D: Oooooh! Fighting talk, boys! Now I've completely lost what I was going to say but. . . I still think you're a cunt!
H: Why the hell does anyone like Bow Wow Wow?
D: Fuckin' great band, innit?
L: They wanna enjoy themselves because most of the bands today. . no-one seems to wanna enjoy themselves. I don't like most English bands.
H: Why?
L: 'Cos they're shit!
D: We're not taking people for a ride, right? We don't ponce about — it's a thing for the spirit, a thing for the soul. Other groups have got their way of doing it and we've got ours. We don't make things up that are half-assed with synthesisers and bank clerk suits because that represents a kind of *knuckling under* of the youth of this country, conforming with the way the government and society wants them to be. They're borin', very straight, very clean, their music's ineffectual, it carries no message, it's got no bottle, it's got no nothin'! This is a typical Bow Wow Wow interview, innit? Shit!
L: Cruel but fair!
M: It's a thankless task, *hippy!*
A: What are you calling him a hippy for? He hasn't got long hair.
M: Nah, but he's got a nice grandad shirt, tarik-top, faded denims. . . what sort of weed you got, *hippy?* What dope you got on ya? Got any *black?* I 'ad some mental Durban the other day. . . in Durham, wannit? I 'ad some nice 'and-rolled lunatic pollen last Tuesday!
H: Do you think anybody's gonna be interested in reading this stuff?
A: No, not really. People are fickle. I went into a cafeteria the other day and this woman goes "Can I have your autograph?" Then she goes "What's your name by the way, and what band are you in?" She's just seen my face on the telly or something. . .
H: Did you give her the autograph?
A: Yeah, I did in the end.
H: Why, if you felt like that?
A: I dunno.
L: She's mixed up. It's a sad case — third degree syphilis.
H *(bored, bushed and unamused):* Why be in a band if it's this much hassle?
L: It's better than being on the dole and beating up old ladies an' stuff.
H: Do you ever take *anything* seriously?
D: Yeah, Save The Prawns, Socialist Workers Party, Camden Market, living in a big house in Camden Town, going down the East End for a riot and fuckin' off home again.
L: Making sure my knickers are *really* clean!
H: McLaren's Bow Wow Wow seemed to think "Youth" was important. . .
L: It wasn't for youth, it was for old armchair anarchists.
M:The lyrics on the new album are much more for the youth; everyday stories of everday life. A lot of 'em deal with. . .
L: 'Avin it off!
M: And a want for peace in the world — that's all!
D: Annabella penned a lot of 'em as well. She's not as dumb as she looks!
A: *Thanks* Dave!
D: No, really, she *is* as dumb as she looks. . .
A: Oh, *you* do the interview, you big 'eads! You make me sick!
(Flushed and near to tears, Annabella storms out of the bar.)
M: Oi! Annabella!
(Matthew chases her out of the bar, spilling drinks over the table.)
D: That's good that! She's got a brilliant sense of humour, eh guys? She really can take a joke, she's such a sport!
L: She's got a huge French fry on her shoulder at the moment!
H *(exhausted): Wonderful!* Seen it all before!
D: Yeah, she did it on the telly didn't she? She's a bit nervous that's all.
L: Yeah, sometimes she's on edge, she's tired, you make a joke and she tells you to fuck off!
D: Pretty tough cookie. .
(Matthew returns with a smug grin as, in the distance, Annabella, struggling with her coat, runs out of the hotel into the street.)
M: It's okay; I shagged her and locked her in the bogs. It's cool now!
D: I think this is a good interview. You've got lots of funny things in it for people to have a laugh, you've had a go at us and we've had a go at you, you've got lots of information and bits of personality in it, you've got Annabella walking out of the room
I mean, that makes for a pretty interesting thing dunnit? We ain't being' outrageous mate, we're just bein' a bit funny because we're a bit self-conscious, just like anybody is. In fact, I can't wait to read it
L: One thing more. . . there's a great deal of mental illness in this band. .
(The three wags break into back-slapping giggles and the cameras pan off onto something a mite more interesting — like slow-setting cement.)

TOURING IN FEBRUARY!
SBP 237824 Cassette PC 7824
The PSYCHEDELIC FURS ◆ Love My Way
The New Single taken from The Album FOREVER NOW
3rd – Astor – Melbourne
Tickets available: Gaslight Records, 88 Bourke St. Melbourne & 198 Glenferrie Rd. Malvern
5th – Capitol – Sydney
Tickets available: All Mitchells Bass Outlets & the Capitol Theatre

UB44 The New Album from UB40
features
SO HERE I AM
TOURING IN FEBRUARY
5th – Astor – Melbourne
Tickets available: Gaslight Records, 88 Bourke St. Melbourne & 198 Glenferrie Rd. Malvern
9th – Capitol – Sydney
Tickets available: All Mitchells Bass Outlets & the Capitol Theatre
DEP 3 Cassette DEPC 3

DESPERATE

the album

Divinyls

featuring:

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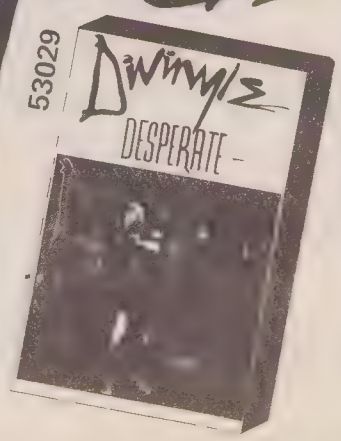

I LOVE ROCK & ROLL?

ELLY McDONALD encounters some strange people who can take rock & roll or leave it, and mainly the latter.

IT'S A typical night in a typical suburban hangar-style venue and I'm watching, you guessed it, a typical Australian rock'n'roll band. Let's call them 'Ultracox'. They're loud and they're *there*, and that's about the only impression they make.

The abominable Ultracox are *so* loud the walls are actually shaking. It makes me nauseous, and I'm living in fear that one of those boys with a trunk like a California redwood is going to put his fist through my face — the promoter may insist there's room for 1800 in this venue, but he reckoned without these 3600 arms. After brief consideration I decide to do the only sensible thing. I force my way to the nearest sheltered hollow (behind the mixer or preferably, backstage), I curl up, and I go to sleep. I am able to do this on my feet as well if necessary, and with Ultracox up there, it's *imperative*.

When recently I began pondering the effect rock music has had on my life and on the lives of others around me, this unusual ability to sleep through an aural apocalypse was the first I thought of. I believe that quite a number of small, wild animals share this basic instinct when threatened by an aggressive, overwhelming presence they simply cannot cope with.

"It's a grubby little industry full of horrible people who should be nuked off the face of the earth!"

Having determined just how rock'n'roll affects *my* lifestyle, I decided to go out and accost a random assortment of other people in order to pose crucial questions such as: 'Has rock (or pop, or contemporary music) changed your life?' 'Does it *mean* anything to you?' 'If the story of your life was a film, what would be on the soundtrack?'

I asked my good friend Chaney first.

"Does rock'n'roll mean anything to me?" she shrieked. "You must be *kidding!* It's a grubby little industry full of horrible people who should all be nuked off the face of the earth! And as for the musicians, *fuck 'em* — it's all they're good for!"

I decide to seek a second opinion. I pick on Ruth, an Adelaide girl who now lives in Kings Cross. Ruth has sung in several bands, worked in several venues, and has been on staff at a well-known alternative FM radio station.

"God, it doesn't mean *anything* to me!" she drawls, her full-moon baby-blues widening in surprise at the very suggestion. "It doesn't have any stimulation for me *at all*, except when I'm really drunk.

"It never really did have any effect on me; it's only that I was involved with people I liked playing with and we had a band together which was quite successful. I only ever worked at the radio station because it seemed the thing to do — you get involved in things your friends are doing. . ."

So Ruth would agree with Johnny Rotten's much-quoted assertion that rock'n'roll is a

toothless old man? A great connoisseur of different types of male, she considers this a moment.

"I don't even think it's *that* interesting!" comes the verdict. "I think the people who have been affected most by rock are people over 30, because they grew up with it and it was part of their socialisation. When they were

"I don't think music is a major part of white Australian society. In the 60s it may have held more relevance; but I don't think it's relevant today."

teenagers it meant stuff to them.

"I really don't think music is a major part of white Australian society. In the 60s it may have held more relevance, but I don't think it's relevant today."

I BROOD ON this for a week, crossing a state border whilst doing so, and then rush for reassurance to the first stranger in the street: Mark, a 23-year-old printer's assistant from Glen Waverley in Victoria.

"Well, I wouldn't say it's changed my life," ponders Mark, a good-natured sort. "But it's always been part of it. I mean, I used to buy quite a few records — Pink Floyd, Supertramp, Bad Company and the Eagles.

"I didn't go to too many concerts, though. The Eagles in '76, and I took the girlfriend to Peter Frampton in '78, but I can't think of any others.

"I still go and see a few pub bands. I don't have any real favourites, but Cold Chisel and Moving Pictures are pretty good value and I've seen both of them more than once. And I'm going to check out Goanna this week."

This isn't entirely encouraging either. By way of contrast I choose as my next target a sophisticated journalist in her late 30s, Marilyn, who in her time has handled the pop coverage for a Perth newspaper.

"I suppose it's rather glamorous and fun for a while," she smiles, tolerantly, "but really, who wants to spend their whole life making faces at Jon English? It's something you grow out of. I never took it seriously."

One longs for the fevered babblings of a budding Glenn A. Baker or an embryonic Molly Meldrum, for someone whose bedroom walls are plastered with posters and lined with rock histories, magazines and fictions, whose living room is an obstacle course of obelisk-like stacks of albums! They're out there, somewhere. Give me an antipodean Joan Jett, or someone like Bronwen (who I went to school with), a girl who was word-perfect in her Skyhooks lyrics at the age of 14, had her ears pierced to make herself look tougher (though they *did* get rather repulsively infected) and, who dropped out of an exclusive ladies' college with an impeccable academic record in order to go to the local highschool, because that's where all the Box Hill sharpies went. Her hero was Lobby Loyde.

"Rock'n'roll affected *my* life," pipes up Jo, 22, a trainee teacher in Melbourne. "I used to go out and see a lot of bands a few years ago: Matchbox, Red Hot Peppers Stiletto, Sidewinder, Dragon even. . .stuff like that.

"I like band with a bit of style and a kind of Australian character. I like Sports. I can't say I'm too keen on any of the bands around at the moment. They're all either really heavy and the pub's overcrowded and the door-charge is ridiculous, or else they're self-righteous brats with no sense of humour who think the sun shines out of the Birthday Party's bum."

"The bands today are either really heavy and the pub's overcrowded and the doorcharge is ridiculous, or else they're self-righteous brats with no sense of humour who think the sun shines out of the Birthday Party's bum."

On the evidence, it seems the (wo)man-in-the-street is less than devoted to this middle-aged medium once hailed as a major social force. But as entertainment, obviously Australian bands are not unappreciated.

"I really like Australian music myself," says Mandy from Darlinghurst, 18 and unemployed. "I go and see a band once or twice a week, usually the ones that are not too well-known, because it doesn't cost so much and the atmosphere is better. I would never waste my money on Australian Crawl or anyone like that.

"I like Le Hoodo Gurus a lot, I quite like the Riptides now and there's a new band called Speedboat who sound OK. I don't think there's all that much happening in Sydney right now really, but I've got friends in Melbourne and they say the same thing about the scene down there.

"Oh, did I mention Mental As Anything? Of all the bands in Australia they'd have to my all-time favourites.

"It's not like it's got any *religious* significance or anything like that, but like they say, rock'n'roll's the most fun you can have without laughing — yeah, I know, they didn't say that about rock'n'roll *exactly*, but you know what I mean.

"My little sister is really into it too, and she's talking about getting a band happening. She sings OK, but she's a bit shy about trying to put it together. I think she should."

"Joan Jett and all that kind of shit is crap," states Phil, blithely unaware of tautology. At 17, he's still at school.

"The best music now isn't rock at all, and I don't exactly love it, but yeah, you could say I *like* it a real lot. And yeah, I reckon it probably does mean something to me, even if it's not going to change the world. Can't say exactly what, but. . .I dunno, I just know I'd really miss it if I couldn't go and see any bands anymore."

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Welcome to the Celebration

Despite various pessimists in the industry complaining about the lack of publicity, it's hard to believe that any of Narara's potential audience are totally unaware of the event. But in case you've just got off your camel after two months in the Simpson Desert, the guts is that a three-day, three-night musical 'celebration' featuring vast numbers of leading Oz bands will take place at Narara, near Old Sydney Town from January 28-31.

However, the RAM lift-out guide to Narara '83 is aimed at those of you who are seriously considering getting celebrated and could use a little detailed info for planning your Australia Day weekend. On the following pages, there's an entertainment programme and a map of the site with details on how to get there by car or public transport. (No camels, please.) And to start off, here's a guide to survival and creature comforts, plus things-to-watch-out-for.

PARKING

Sufficient for at least 12,000 vehicles. You park after you've got your admission ticket. There will be a special area for motorbikes; all parking will have a 24-hour security guard.

Caravans and campervans *will* be allowed into the campsite, but no other vehicles: don't expect to get away with living out of the back seat of the Holden.

CAMPING

No camping in the stage viewing area. There will be a limited number of 'crash spaces' in large tents provided by the organisers, and groundsheets will be sold at one of the site stores; otherwise, bring your own canvas.

No open fires; if you want to boil a billy etc. bring something in the primus/Portagas line. There are 300 toilets in three blocks; 200 showers in two. The shower water is unfiltered — definitely not for drinking — but as the site borders on a Gosford water board station, there'll be plenty of drinking water taps throughout the site.

FOOD

There's a wide range of price-controlled food stores, all of which have been inspected by the Health Department. Everything from pie-and-chips to vegetable assortments, and lots more interesting things in between. . .Fresh fruit will be on sale for those who want something raw. . .

DRINK

NO CANS, NO GLASS. There will be a bag check at the entrance gates. . .All the usual soft drink/juice numbers will be available, and Australian beer and wine will be on sale in plastic cups.

HEALTH

Four doctors and six nurses will be on hand 24 hours a day at the hospital beside the administration block. There's a helicopter service if anything really serious requires a quick lift to the North Shore hospital.

CHILD MINDING

Supervised by workers from the Kirk School. Obviously the centre for lost children, but you can also leave kids over 4 years there on a sign-in, sign-out basis. (Does not apply to overnight). There will be various activities — sandpits, painting, games etc. — but obviously it's not a facility to be abused with indiscriminate child dumping.

PETS

No, no and no (and no camels either).

SECURITY

There will be the usual complement of security guards to restrain people who are a little too tired and emotional. . .The whole site will be lit (though if you feel like wandering around at night, a torch is *so* handy). There will be a secured area where you can check in backpacks and other bulky luggage items.

SWIMMING

Plenty of splash-around space in the pool near the Second Stage, and there will be Royal NSW Life Savers to keep an eye on anyone who forgets to float. No swimming in the man-made lake close to the Main Stage: apart from the fact that it's not actually within the Narara site and hence hard to get at, it's also extremely dangerous.

2MM STEREO 105

ARTS & CRAFTS BAZAAR

Everything from pottery to leather gear, plus all sorts of mundane articles like sunglasses, hats, insect repellent and suntan lotion. As there is no coming-and-going from Narara — i.e. no passouts — the organisers are trying to make sure everything you might need for a long weekend outdoors is available.

Narara isn't making a big deal about the counter-cultural aspects — the organisers consistently avoided the word 'festival' for instance — but there is the intention that the event have more to it than a series of concert acts. Apart from stores, the bazaar will also feature information stalls from a wide range of groups such as Greenpeace, the Tasmanian Wilderness Society, NORML, and the Movement Against Uranium Mining.

OLD SYDNEY TOWN

The time-warp tourist attraction will not be part of your Narara ticket price: though adjacent, the two activities are quite separate. . .However, if you do feel the urge to get away from the rock'n'roll and watch the local actors reliving our convict past, there will be access from the Narara site to Old Sydney Town at a much reduced tariff. On Monday there's apparently a special Australia Day programme — extra flogging, extra damper!

MAIN STAGE ATTRACTIONS

Friday 6pm to 2am

THE ZOO
THE CHOIR BOYS
JON ENGLISH
THE DIVINYLS
MOVING PICTURES
AUSTRALIAN CRAWL

Moving Pictures (Pic: Studio D)

Sunday 10.30 am to 5 pm

THE MIGHTY GUYS
UNCANNY X-MEN
THE ALLNITERS
JO JO ZEP
DRAGON

Cold Chisel

(Sunday) 6.30pm to 1.30 am

GOANNA BAND
MI-SEX
RICHARD CLAPTON
COLD CHISEL
ROSE TATTOO

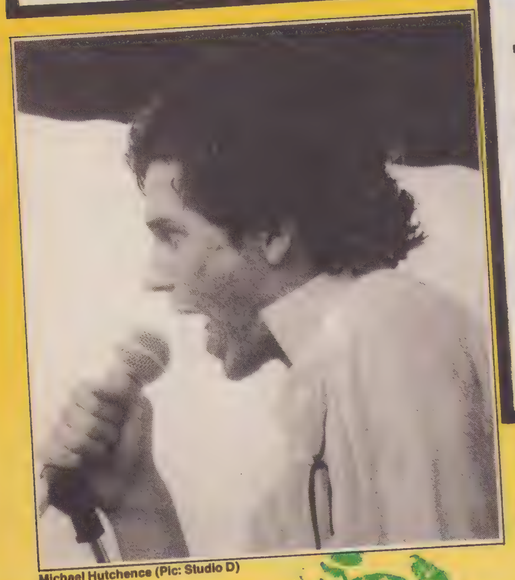
Monday 10.30 am to 3 pm

RUPERT B.
BULLAMAKANKA
NO FIXED ADDRESS
BUSHWACKERS

Saturday 10.30 am to 5 pm

ZARSOFF BROTHERS
DYNAMIC HEPNOTICS
MARK GILLESPIE
GOLDRUSH
MENTAL AS ANYTHING

Mental As Anything (Pic: North Sullivan)



Michael Hutchence (Pic: Studio D)

(Saturday) 6.30 pm to 1 am

THE RADIATORS
THE CHURCH
INXS
THE ANGELS
MEN AT WORK

SECOND STAGE DIVERSIONS

The Second Stage, located over half a mile from the main thunder-blaster, will be inhabited Saturday and Sunday by a wil variety of acts ranging from whip-crackers to blues bands. The programming is designed to dovetail with the Main Stage: when overlaps occur, the distance should preserve each area's audience projection.

As several performers on Stage 2 are yet to be locked in, what follows is but a summary of highlights.

11 am to 2 am Saturday

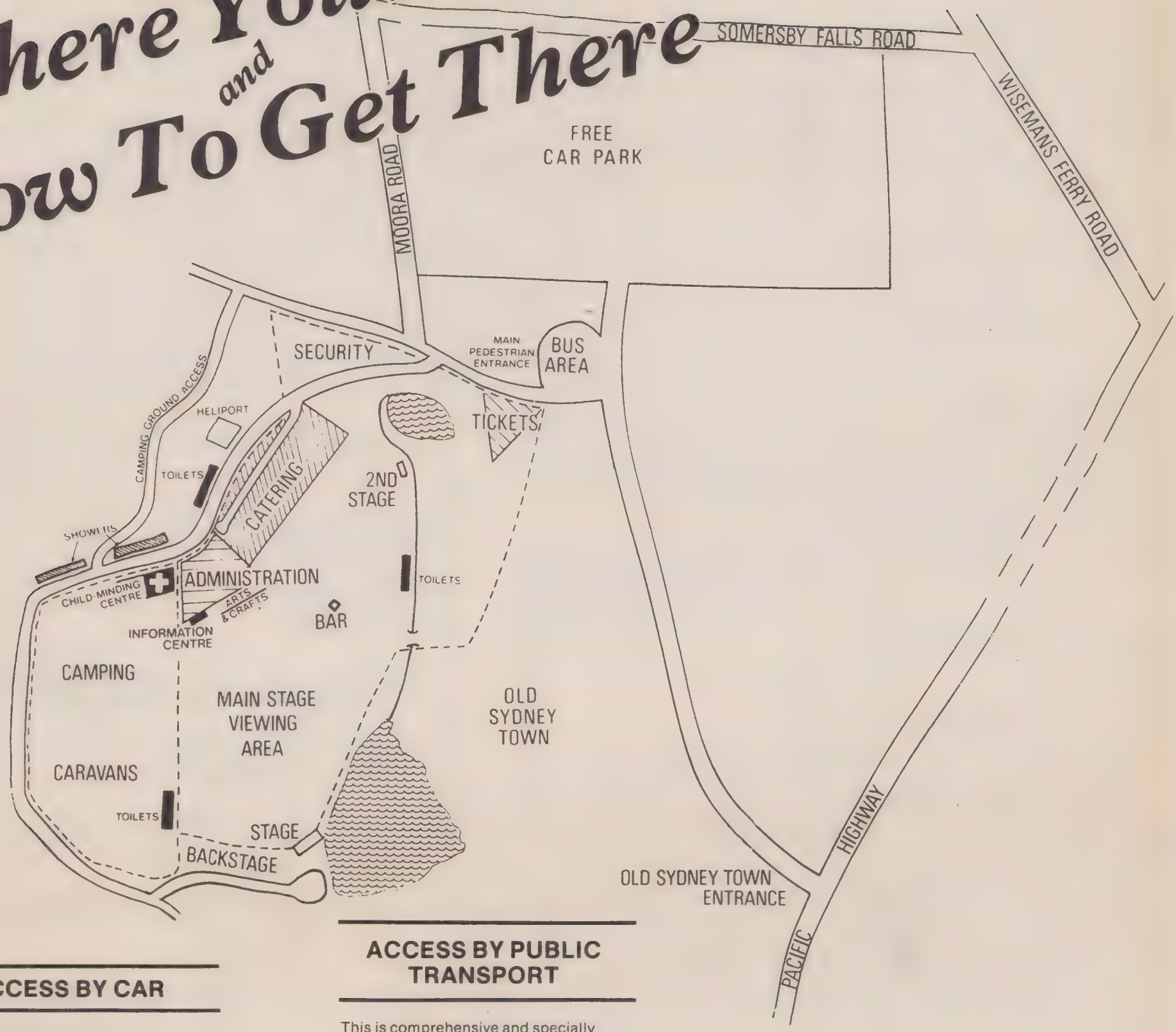
THE HAMBURGERS — Thigh-slapping lederhosen exponents!
SYDNEY MORRIS MEN — Traditional Welsh Dancers
FUNGO CHUTNEY — Clown and acrobat
THE TAVERNERS — Bush band
CAPTAIN'S WHISKERS — English folk music and comedy
A SHEEP SHEARER, A WHIP CRACKER, A GUM LEAF PLAYER and a BUSH POET — mega Australiana!
KINSELA'S CABARET, including THE GLOBOS, THE DREAMS, MOPSIE BEANS, FINGERS DEMAIN and DOUG TREMLETT (the last two being rather classy magicians)
THE CONWAY BROTHERS
MARGRET ROADNIGHT
THE IGNATIUS & JOYLENE LATE SHOW (Could this be the return of Elizabeth Zawinul & Our Lady Of The Fuhrers?)

10 am to 2 am Sunday

KIDS CIRCUS
ABORIGINAL ISLANDER DANCE TROUPE
CURLY — A Russian band
DAN JOHNSON TRIO
HAIKU — The Orange People's band
TANSY'S FANCY — Folk rock
THE COMEDY STORE Unleashed! — RODNEY RUDE, GEORGE SMILOVICH, RIC CARTER, KEITH SCOTT, GRAHAM PUGH to abuse and amuse
RATBAGS OF RHYTHM — 7-piece r'n'b band
PAT DRUMMOND BAND
I.Q. — Fairlight synthesisers go mad!

For Your Entertainment

Where You Are and How To Get There



ACCESS BY CAR

Just point yourself towards Gosford, then look for Old Sydney Town turn-off signs.

ACCESS BY PUBLIC TRANSPORT

This is comprehensive and specially organised. There are bulk trains from Sydney to Gosford (see Timetable below) — the journey takes 1½ hours — and a free bus service will shuttle between Gosford station and the site gates.

TRAINS FROM SYDNEY

FRIDAY 28
6.30 am
7.15 am
8.15 am
9.12 am
10.50 am
12.25 pm
1.33 pm
2.33 pm
3.03 pm
3.33 pm
4.03 pm
4.17 pm
4.32 pm
5.03 pm
5.22 pm
6.10 pm
7.07 pm
8.15 pm
9.25 pm
11.15 pm

SATURDAY 29
6.05 am
7.15 am
8.12 am
8.50 am
9.50 am
12.05 pm
1.15 pm
3.20 pm
4.05 pm
5.40 pm
7.07 pm
8.20 pm
11.45 pm

SUNDAY 30
7.20 am
8.50 am
9.50 am
12.50 pm
2.07 pm
3.50 pm
4.50 pm
6.12 pm
7.07 pm
8.15 pm
9.48 pm
11.15 pm

MON 31st
7.20 am
8.50 am
9 50 am
11.20 am
12.50 pm
2.07 pm
2.50 pm
3.50 pm

TRAINS FROM GOSFORD

FRIDAY 28
6.19 am
6.33 am
6.55 am
7.10 am
7.41 am
8.12 am
8.55 am
9.06 am
10.25 am
11.30 am
1.14 pm
2.55 pm
3.47 pm
4.28 pm
5.06 pm
5.20 pm
5.40 pm
6 14 pm
7.06 pm
7.55 pm
8.53 pm
10.24 pm

Saturday 29
6.15 am
6.40 am
7.41 am
8.58 am
9.35 am
11.00 am
12.30 pm
1.30 pm
2.30 pm
3.55 pm
5.38 pm
7.30 pm

Sunday 30
6.45 am
8.14 am
10.00 am
12.00 pm
2.00 pm
3.00 pm
4.00 pm
5.00 pm
6.30 pm
7.00 pm
8.00 pm
8.55 pm

Monday 31
6.45 am
7.40 am
8.14 am
9.20 am
10.12 am
12.00
2.00 pm
3.00 pm
4.00 pm
6.03 pm
7.00 pm
8.00 pm
8.55 pm
9.42 pm

2MMM-FM
The Official Narara Station
Keep tuned to 105 on the FM dial for up-to-the-minute traffic reports en route to Narara, plus news interviews and other highlights.

At the sound of the synthesised wind-chime you vill slip into a

MENTAL HOLIDAY

Why would one of Europe's leading electronic music men take a working vacation in Oz?
Are we to be the new colony or the new frontier for alternative/electronic sounds?
What's oldfashioned in 'Nu Musik'? How many scotches does it take to make a 'cultural exchange'?

All this and more as BLAKE MURDOCH pulls the microphone away from the face of KLAUS SCHULZE.

Few people have explored, popularised, and pioneered electronic music as much as Klaus Schulze. Arguably, he's the most prolific and influential solo electronic musician/composer in the world. Like other institutions of German electronic music — such as Tangerine Dream and Kraftwerk — Schulze's success is steady and his following strong; and, like Tangerine Dream and Kraftwerk, he leads the way.

Schulze is damnably German: very handsome, enthusiastic, full of drive, and, of course, confident. He doesn't like interviews though. With a microphone stuck in front of him, Schulze finds it difficult to faithfully translate his ideas to English; take the microphone away, and he's unstoppable, quickly turning an interview into what he calls a "cultural exchange". For the three hours we spoke together, topics included NATO, Ronald Reagan, lifestyle in America, Christmas in Germany, summer in Australia, and German wines.

"If there's one thing Germans can do," says Schulze on that subject, "is drink." Tucked away in one of the many bars of Sydney's plush Wentworth Hotel, it's a dangerous thing to say. As the first of the double scotches and vodkas arrive, Schulze grabs a cassette and Walkman from his Germanic briefcase and makes me listen to some of his soon-to-be released double album, *Outdentity*. With the composer and player sitting next to you, you hope to hell there's nothing bad to say about it. *Outdentity* is excellent, however; and Schulze says he's very pleased with it.

Schulze was in Australia partly on holidays, but mainly to see how the Australian agency for his own record label — Innovative Communication — was faring, and to find some bands to sign to the label. Schulze set up Innovative Communication (IC) in 1978 to provide an alternative outlet for alternative German music. Solely owned by Schulze since 1980, it's now the biggest independent label in Europe; a success, Schulze says, that comes from heavy emphasis on video promotions, having their own studios, high quality recordings, and the publicity and money stirred up by one of IC's earliest bands, the enormously successful Ideal.

The Australian agency, **Innovative Communication Down Under** (ICDU), is going well. The only concession made in the battle to sell alternative music to Australian audiences, says Schulze, is a deal — just made — with EMI for distribution.

Schulze has three bands in mind for ICDU, and thus for exposure in Europe: **Peak,** a band from Adelaide. Melbourne's **Why,** and a Sydney group called **Volksmusik.** Plus another very well known band from Melbourne, whom we can't mention at this stage. .

"One thing all the bands in Australia have in common is that they're very fresh, and very ambitious with their music," says Schulze. "Yet, talking to musicians here, they say, 'We can't get good concerts, and we can't get record contracts, because of all the American and English bands coming in, doing the big gigs, then leaving to come back in two years. They're stars here.'

"It's exactly like that in Germany, but in Australia it just happens a bit later. That's the reason I feel very familiar with the scene here."

That same domination motivated Schulze, more than a decade ago, to make his own style of music.

Originally a drummer, in the late 60s he played in a group called **Psy Free,** and then **Tangerine Dream** in 1969/70, playing on their first album *Electronic Meditation*. In late 1970, he drummed with **Ash Ra Tempel,** and in 1971 played on their first self-titled album. In the same year, he made his first solo album, *Irrlicht*.

Since then, 35 year old Klaus Schulze has recorded 14 solo albums, two Go albums, two **Richard Wahnfried** albums (a collective pseudonymn for a bunch of German musicians), and produced for many bands on IC and other labels.

"The beginning of this kind of music was the big search for something new," he says. "We didn't want to go on with normal American and English music styles which still dominated in Europe and still do. At that time we had a sort of hippy style; for Tangerine Dream and Ash Ra Tempel, we went onstage with everything lit up by candles, just like a huge Christmas tree, and improvised for two or three hours.

"It took me four years in Germany to convince people there was something in my music. Looking back, maybe it was a bit too early to brutally change every style of music and suddenly do an album with two 30 minute sides, no drums, and no rhythm at all.

Schulze's wider recognition came in 1975 when he was awarded the 'Grand Prix International' by the German Phono-Akademie for his fifth album, *Timewind*. "If an honourable institution says: 'That's a great one,' then people turn around and say: 'I always knew there was something in it'!"

Schulze's aims in his music — his 'something' — are as similar, and successful, now as they were then. "I hate that word 'message' — it sounds Christian! What I want to bring over to people in my music is a feeling of being absolutely relaxed, to have a kind of mental holiday after all the daily shit, so that after one hour they feel fine.

"It's psychologically constructed — I studied psychology — to be a kind of trigger; not to go into a dream and forget everything, but to still be aware of all the trouble we have around us, yet to be a kind of extra space for your mind.

Klaus adjusts a revolutionary new instrument

"What I want to bring over to people in my music is a feeling of being absolutely relaxed, to have a kind of mental holiday after all the daily shit, so that after one hour they feel fine."

"It's hard to explain this kind of music. You feel it more than you can describe it. It's not entertaining like other music. It demands part of the fantasy of a listener, a deliberation, because if you don't put anything into the music, it becomes boring.

"But if you're prepared not just to consume, but to share the music on different levels, I think it suddenly becomes very exciting."

Schulze admits it sometimes doesn't work. His fourth album, *Blackdance* (1974), he says, "shouldn't have been done." His 1980 live album "you can more or less forget about." Although some albums have certain flavours and are indicative of Schulze's state of mind when they were made, he says he wouldn't do anything like them today. Other albums though, he says, definitely achieve the effects he's after: *Irrlicht*, *Timewind*, *Moondawn* (1976), *Mirage* (1977), *X* (1978), and most of *Outdentity*. The fourth side of that, Schulze says, is a freak-out, a step to something else."

Current electronic new wave in England and Germany (called Nu Musik or Electral Waves there) is simplistic from Schulze's point of view. He says Kraftwerk did everything six years ago that groups like Ultravox, Duran Duran, Gary Numan, DAF, and Die Gesunden are doing now.

"It's well made, but compared with the things I put in my music, it's definitely not modern. They've got a different appeal, but it pisses me off when people say, 'Look at that, they're really modern — you're a bit old fashioned.'"

Schulze is being anything but bitter; after all, much of Germany's Nu Musik is on the IC label, often produced by Schulze himself. Rather, he's speaking from the knowledge his experience and originality give him. Whereas most so-called popular groups flare up, sell a million albums in a year, and are never heard of again, Schulze can say he's been around for 12 years, sold three million, and most importantly, has a steady following with an appreciation of his work that's more long-lasting and valid than with most other music because, as Schulze says, he never pushes what he does — you must discover it yourself.

"The time will accept you when it's ready. If the people don't accept my music now, it's okay. I know it's only for certain people. The fashions change all the time, from rock'n'roll to new wave to heavy metal, 'but my kind of music runs beside the stream. I'm still doing my thing, and see all the fashions pass me."

Schulze is the first to agree, however, with the idea that the 70s were the golden age of electronic music. Far fewer people are making electronic music with the same flavour of the 70s these days; many of those, such as **Adelbert von Deyen** or **Robert Schroder,** make no secret about Schulze's influence on them.

"The highest point was '78," he says. "That was a time when America and Japan suddenly woke up and took our things over there."

At this stage of the "cultural exchange," Schulze's wife joins us. She too, of course, is damnably German. From one of her many huge, bulging shopping bags, she takes some huge, bulging German chocolates, hands them around, then starts talking in German about food to Schulze. "She's always hungry," says Schulze, and orders more drinks instead. After six scotches, he's not stopping for anything, even though he says, with his German constitution, it takes fifteen to make him even tiddly.

After Christmas, Schulze says, he has to compose and record two soundtracks, then write a science fiction opera for Broadway — all in four weeks. On the 28th of January, he begins a 105-date tour of Europe. The tour includes Russia, Yugoslavia, and other Eastern bloc countries, and finishes in May. Afterwards, he hopes to record a new album, as well as the next Richard Wahnfried LP.

Schulze plans to tour Australia at the end of 1983. He'll only play small venues, and, as always, will improvise every concert.

"With my music, large venues won't work because the music is so intimate. You have to have a privacy at a concert, especially if it's somewhere new. If you have 500 people, you can play Klaus Schulze like Klaus Schulze is.

"I have parts of the concert which are very relaxing and stimulating — like a mental picture soundtrack — then other parts with rock rhythm beats — like heavy metal. The concerts are much more based on rhythm nowadays.

"It's still Schulze music though. I can't get out of it, and I don't want to get out of it."

Welcome Back MARVIN!

With Compliments

-See you in the men's room!

CARLOS & CHARLIES
1466 Sunset Boulevard
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(Pic: Daryl Pitt/LFI)

MARVIN GAYE fortifies himself for his return to the L.A. freakshow and this interview with GAVIN MARTIN

CARLO'S AND Charlie's is a club halfway along Sunset Boulevard, and it's here CBS are holding a party. Marvin Gaye is being welcomed back to LA after a four year exile in Europe, and his new single *Sexual Healing,* and his debut single *Sexual Healing,* and his debut LP for the label, *Midnight Love.* It not only represents a full-blooded artistic reawakening, but in the words of *Billboard,* "looks like being the sort of blockbuster the industry needs at this time of year".

Welcome to the biz, Marvin; it's sure good to have you back.

The party isn't due to start until 6pm, but at five the limos are already starting to purr into the forecourt, and immaculately attired folks, mainly coloured, step out. Not too many faces — Quincy Jones is the only other person who'll attract any of the limelight — but, let's face it, if you get there, past the discreetly armed guards at the door, up to the free food and drink bar you *must be someone,* and therefore entitled to bask in a moment of glory, to savour that delicious feeling that surrounds richness, fame. . . greatness.

Carlo's is where Marvin made the video for *Sexual Healing,* and as the crowd builds up and the tape plays its way through all his big hits from the last 20 years, attention is directed several times to the screen at the back of the club so we can see the classy film one more time.

It's a good way to generate excitement, after all it's been ages since Marvin made one of these in-person appearances and people are just dying to see what he looks like. They grew up with his records, they saw him on the *Tammi* shows, and they want to see for themselves whether he's retained all that charm and elegance and those fine, fine looks, maybe even (don't say it too loud) *that voice!*

Apart from waiting and watching, all there is to do is bask in that delicious feeling because tonight is something special, that much was obvious as soon as your gold lettered invitation arrived. It came in a small gold tube, which when popped open, sprayed a shower of fake gold dust — chintzy but nice.

So you sit there sipping expensive cocktails, feeling relaxed, rich, soaking up that smooth LA record business cool. When you're introduced to the Vice President of CBS, he shakes your hand and says, "I'm sorry that the weather wasn't better for you guys coming out here". It's as if had he known we were coming, he would have had *that* arranged too.

Welcome to the biz Marvin, it's sure good to have you back.

AT AROUND eight, with everybody keyed and oiled for the entrance, their eyes towards the front of the club, Marvin arrives — through the back door, of course.

The cameras start to whirr, flash and click as he's surrounded by a sea of photographers. But he takes it all in his stride. He's got a great way of approaching the occasion: he just strolls in throwing out warm personable smiles, good buddy backslaps for the guys and little pecks on the cheeks for the ladies. It's not affected superstar bullshit, it's cosy and friendly and doesn't disturb the atmosphere one little bit.

And the guy looks 'incredible'. He's wearing a suave suit, there's no sign of sag or paunch, and that old charisma still glows around him.

After about half an hour of smiles, slaps and shakes and endless posing, a small, nervy coloured lady representing the LA City Fathers reads out a citation from the mayor. It's a list of Marvin's successes over the years which makes apparent Gaye's greatness, underlined by his ability to put himself at the forefront of black music again after 25 years with *Midnight Love.*

After it's read, there are calls for Marvin to speak, but someone else collects the scroll on his behalf. Well, how would *you* feel if someone had just read out your life's work, the DJ is playing your records all night and some jerk wants you to get up there and "say a few words"?

Embarrassed? Nervous? Self-conscious? And so does Marvin. Gradually there's a hushed silence as everyone strains to hear him talk from somewhere off to the left of the dancefloor. But he's either too shy or too hemmed in to get nearer to the microphone, and you can hardly hear him.

I catch his reflection in one of the mirrored walls and he's chewing madly, his eyes are closed and his head is raised towards the roof; it's as if he's waiting for a big hand to come through the ceiling and take him away. Speaking in a low, soft voice, the words drift away and tears well up in his eyes.

"It's always nice to receive praise. . . mmm. . . to make. . . something out of this — this existence."

He stops there and allows himself a small smile (the absurdity of it all!) and continues to say something about "unworthiness", "thanks to my maker", "those who made it all possible".

Well! It wasn't what you expected from a guy who has just been lauded as one of the greatest recording artists of our time. But then everyone knew Marvin was a little strange, so they smile and the party starts to get back into its swing.

A short time later one of my colleagues goes to the gents, but only gets the door half-open to find his path blocked by Marvin's solid frame. In there with a few of his friends, he's grinning broadly and he remains silent but smiling as he pushes the door closed in Peter's face.

When you hear this you immediately think of *Midnight Lady,* the opening track of his new LP, and the lines. *'They tell me something's going on in the men's room/Soon as we come out we'll be high soon/Did you save a line for the ladies?'*

The presentations aren't over for the night, however, as the record company have their tokens of esteem to unload — a fetching neon plaque, a couple of gold discs and a platinum one.

The latter is an unexpected boon and Marvin goes onstage to join Larkin Arnold, the head of the CBS black music division, who went to Belgium to sign him. During Arnold's speech he stands shuffling and grinning, and before he comes forward to accept the awards he indiscreetly sticks his chewing gum behind the neon plaque. Gazing at the gold disc for *Sexual Healing,* he refers to one of the questions in our interview the day before.

"I was talking yesterday. . . as I guess I do every day. . . trying to help someone. . . *understand.* And they asked about my belief in God and all this sex business. I'll answer now as I did then, that perhaps in the past my consciousness was not all it should have been. But during the recording of this record I felt very close to my Maker and I see this as a means towards an end. . . towards serving him.

"Now, before I start to make everybody cry. . . I haven't sung since the LP, so I don't know what shape God has kept my voice in. . . I'm going to sing *The Lord's Prayer* accappella as a way of saying thank you."

And standing there alone in this flashy LA nightclub, he lets all the old fire and fervour come pouring out. It's marvellous, sincere, soul-wrenching emotion transcending the setting and all the mumbo jumbo that preceded it.

Welcome to the biz Marvin, it's sure good to have you back.

Anna Gordy — Marvin's first wife and Motown boss Berry's sister — is one of several Gordys on the guestlist. Their marriage ended in divorce, massive alimony payments, and has provided the backdrop for his last three heart-rending albums on Motown. It's a relationship inextricably connected to sour memories and emotional hardships, but tonight Anna is an old friend, mother to his son and, along with a few others gathered round, an old flame.

It's an odd scene, Marvin, Anna and Marvin Junior having a family snap taken on the dancefloor while *Midnight Lady* is cranked up to full volume. Lots of sharp dudes and long-legged trendy girls spill onto the dancefloor and start shaking their butts furiously. One of them turns round to clock this heartwarming little gathering and turns back. The butts keep shaking, more furiously than ever.

MY MENTAL picture of Marvin Gaye, before the interview, was that of an inherently sad man. There was his love life, which as far back as Tammi Terrill (who collapsed in his arms on stage and later died in hospital) seems to have been particularly tragic. Even on records his celebrations and eulogies of love and sex always emanated from a deep-aching wound of desire — just listen to *Let's Get It On,* or the new LP's *'Til Tomorrow.*

Over the last few years, exiled in Europe, estranged from wives, lovers, without a record company, bankrupt, and at a low ebb creatively, his situation didn't look like improving.

In fact, it resembled the *fictional* dilemma of Daniel Stone in *Number One With A Bullet,* the controversial novel by Elaine Jesmer supposedly based on Motown, with Stone as Gaye.

Harrey Mavin's real story is this: he was born 1939 in

Marvin's real story is this: he was born 1939 in Washington, moved to Detroit in the early '60s and through his friendship with Harvey Fuqua (of The Moonglows) began working for an independent label set up by aspiring local entrepreneur Berry Gordy.

Originally employed as a session drummer, he quickly became known as The Prince Of Motown with his cool, confident style and a run of classic singles throughout that decade. More than any other artist, his records reflected the progress of the label: From the sparse R&B debut *A Stubborn Kind Of Fella* to the haunting, sophisticated *I Heard It Through The Grapevine* in 1967.

Having worked with most of Motown's leading lights — Smokey Robinson, Holland, Dozier & Holland and Norman Whitfield — in 1971 he emerged with his epochal, *What's Going On* LP. A song cycle of social and political import, it had an eerie, almost damned sound, and though tempered with compassion and humility, it was a cry of despair encountering many horrific, ultimate truths. Last year, *ten* years later, it was just as relevant and compelling listening in the wake of the depression, riots and imminent social implosion.

After *What's Going On* he made *the* definitive album on sex, *Let's Get It On.* His subsequent albums for Motown concentrated on personal relationships, but were soured by difficulties and trauma. Even worse, his creative flow was drying up. Although he won't be drawn on the subject (adamantly insisting that Berry Gordy Jnr is a life long friend and "a great man"), the '70s were fraught with disputes between him and the label.

Eventually, at the end of the '70s, Gaye exiled himself in Europe and remained there until, having finally extricated himself from Motown, Arnold signed him to CBS records. They agreed to solve his alimony and bankruptcy, and in return he promised to make an LP that both the company and public could be proud of.

Sexual Healing, the single from that album, is his first Top Ten hit in the UK since *Got To Give It Up,* and — despite what a certain hack said in a curt and bitter singles column earlier this year — shines like a diamond and, along with *Midnight Love,* presents a resounding return to form. Gaye has gathered together all his old strengths and passions and pioneered new frontiers in the new territory of synthesised funk marked out over the past few years.

And that is a brief history of the soul man I interview for 90 minutes in a room dimly lit by a flickering TV. Following a family outing to the beach, he appears relaxed, if thoughtful, but apparently he can be sensitive. For example, I'm warned not to mention Tammi Terrill as "Marvin's on a high at the moment, and that sort of thing brings him right down again".

At times he sounds like a deity, but some of his cosmic wind-ups are obviously tongue in the cheek. He is also intelligent and humorous, carefully selecting his words and punctuating many of his answers with a broad grin or a hearty laugh. He may or may not have been stoned, I don't think it would have made much difference either way.

It's a very commercial record, more so than your last three LPs. Is it one you've wanted to make for some time?

"Well, frankly at this point in time it looks like being more commercial than my last five LPs, which haven't exactly been blockbusters.

"Y'see I'm not an artist who can't do, I'm an artist who can do, I'm an artist who can do and will do according to his circumstance. As far as being commercial and knowing what being commercial is about, that is not necessarily my interest. I feel I don't mind making a highly commercial record as my debut for CBS, and that's what I hope this record is."

It must be a great personal success for you, playing most of the instruments yourself.

"In a way it is, but I'm still not extremely happy with my musicianship. Hopefully this LP will provide a base and I'll be able to improve on it from there.

"My musicianship is something I hold very dear and I rarely display it onstage because I don't always want to share it with thousands of people. I love my music and I have to keep a grip on it. I don't use it as an integral part of my act because I'm interested in getting to the emotions of the people, and I don't think that my musicianship is profound enough to do that. So I'd much rather use my other talents to that end."

I noticed a dedication to a Judge Mednick on the back sleeve of the LP. Did he help free you from Motown?

"No. From bankruptcy."

How did you become bankrupt?

"Well, I'm sure much richer men than me have gone bankrupt. The reasons are many and all quite different — emotional and financial reasons. . . it's not a simple thing to understand. I've been bankrupt before and if I'm bankrupt again I'll deal with it again. It's not really about money with me."

How did you waste your money? Was it mostly women and drugs?

"That was a tall part of it, of course."

Did you gamble much?

"Yes, I've been a habitual gambler in my time, about ten or twelve years ago."

Was it part of your lifestyle, or was it done out of depression?

(Laughs) "No, I don't think it was done out of depression. I think anything I do is done out of my lust for life, my curiosity and my dedication as an artist. I should live to the depths of depravity and I shall rise to the heights of spirituality. There is no other way that I could become a fine artist, my friend."

AFTER BEING schooled by Motown and their corporate approach to recording and touring, was it hard to step out and establish your individuality with *What's Going On*?

"If I answer that definitively I run the risk of becoming facetious. In fact, I'm not responsible; that is my attitude.

"I know nothing about this business, my friend, I am just an artist and I don't plan, although I have a very good understanding of the business. After 25 years one should have. I'm not going to take any credit for any superior genius or any great talent and all that kind of nonsense. There's so much that goes along with being successful — destiny, fate, prophecy or whatever you might call it. I do not take credit for being incredible or anything. I'm led. I feel. And I'm honest.

"Honesty is one of my greatest and most horrible virtues. Most of my troubles have been due to my honesty, but I've no reason not to be honest. Besides I have a certain degree of humility which is a rarity in this business. I'm intense, but I'm fairly humble; I'm egotistical, but I need it to be what I am. Hopefully I don't use it in a dangerous or derogatory way.

"What can I tell you? I'm guided; I feel very spiritual, blessed sometimes. The records I have recorded I feel are leading towards something that will probably be my purpose for being."

You seem to move about quite a bit.

"I'm a gypsy. It's my job. Why should I just stay here? I'm concerned with humanity and my heart is big enough, and my empathy is big enough to know it is not just my job to stay in one place. It is my job to go everywhere and to pick up and sense and report it through my music. I have no home. The earth is my home, at this time. I don't want to be here. I'll live here until I'm not here anymore, until I don't have to be here, however many times I must incarnate. But I still don't feel good here."

You've been here before?

"Of course. I don't know what as, but that's a whole other topic. If we were to talk about it in depth I could probably give you a good indication as to what as — I know through my fears and my *deja vus*."

"God is very interesting. He and Mother Nature have it together, and they know how to cut down all this madness down here: simply send down the little herpes bug."

Why did you shave your head around the time of *I Want You*?

"I don't know. I'm as crazy as any of us artists. Most of us are a bit touched. That's about the best answer I can give you."

On the one hand you sing about God and the end of the world, on the other you sing about sex and drugs. Is there a dichotomy in your work, or are the two compatible?

"I think the word you're looking for is *hypocrisy*. I shall explain that to you.

"No, I'm not a hypocrite. What I'm actually saying is that I'm as far from being a hypocrite as I can possibly be. I'm being extremely honest, I'm expressing all sides of life, be it spiritual or be it emotional or material. I should duck sex? I'm an artist, man, I'm not ducking sex."

ARE YOU disillusioned with the way black music progressed through the second half of the '70s?

"Disillusioned? I'm rarely disillusioned. I spent my periods of disillusionment during my last three years in Europe, I don't imagine that I'll have to deal with that for another few years, but I'm preparing for it because eventually it will probably happen to me again."

But in the '60s performers like James Brown and Otis Redding offered strength and spiritual inspiration, whereas the trend today — with Rick James and George Clinton — is to revel in decadence. Is that a bad thing?

"No, I don't think it's a bad thing at all; it's simply prophecy. All you have to do is study Revelations or talk with a few psychics and you can see — even the change between the '60s and now — that it's the way the world is going, and you can certainly sense that we're heading towards something rather horrible. It's simply a reflection of the times, my friend.

"And these things will get worse, you'll hear things on record and see things on the tube that you never thought you'd see. It's inevitable; it's prophecy, and it shall come to pass. It's supposed to be."

You once said that music was God, but much of your music seems to celebrate the joy, togetherness and release of sex. Is that God's greatest gift?

"No, not especially. Sex is. . . mmmm. . . sex. I'd prefer to say the act of creation was the greatest gift that God gave us; sex is a continuation of that, a continuation that wasn't meant to be.

"I think if you listen closer you'll find a spiritual connotation in all of my songs, even the ones that appear to be highly sexual. There's nothing wrong with sex, but nowadays one has to be very careful with herpes and all that. And there's reasons for that.

"God is very interesting. He and mother nature have it together, and they know how to cut down on all this madness down here: simply send the little herpes bug. *(Laughs)*

"Sex is OK as long as certain morals, honour and principles are adhered to. It's how one gauges it, not the act itself, that is the problem."

In every song on the LP there is a longing to reconcile emotional stability with the sexual act.

"Well, let's say I'm insuring myself, because of my conscience. It's a bit of insurance, that's all."

When did you lose your virginity?

"Virginity? That's a strange word for a man to deal with. I never thought of myself as a virgin I think the word is. . . it's not a eunuch because that's a man who has been castrated. But there is another word that describes a man who has never had sex with a woman. Anyway, for lack of the proper word, I lost my virginity when I was 16."

A memorable experience?

"Yes, it was. It was with a hooker. I was in the Armed Services and I'd just come off the saltpetre, something they put in your food to keep your sexuality at a low ebb. They didn't want any funny business in the barracks."

Do you ever worry that you now get cut off from normal life?

"Well, I'm not normal — if that's what you're saying. Very few of us are in showbusiness."

Does *that* not worry you?

"That I can't be myself all the time? Yes, I'm a bit of a schizophrenic, it's important. There are times I feel unhappy and I must smile; there are times I want to cry and I must laugh. Unfortunately that's the business I'm in and I have to put up a good face for people no matter how I feel. So I tuck my face up and put it away, they rarely see the real Marvin Gaye."

The opening track on the new LP, *Midnight Lady* —do you still have nights like that? Lads out on the town sort of thing?

"Very definitely. A night out with the freaks, the kinks.

"When I'm kinky I'm very kinky. When I'm spiritual I'm very spiritual. Like I told you I'm very schizoid."

Does racism still bother you in the record industry?

"It's interesting that you're aware it still exists, on a very cleverly worked out scale. But it's alright; that's the way the world is."

You think people should accept that?

"I don't think people should do anything other than what they're doing. I think there are more sinners than saints — and with such heavy odds, I should fight prejudice? There's no way you can wipe out prejudice. It's stupid to think about it. It's stupid to try."

Are you a happy man?

"No."

Sad?

"Yes."

Even on this new LP where the songs seem so joyful?

"I have my own inimitable style, and in that respect I try to do good music; music that has feeling, hope and meaning — all the things people are looking for. It pleases me that my music receives different kinds of connotations, that people feel differently about it because of their intelligence, their evolvement or their spirituality.

"I'm sad because I'm schizophrenic, torn between many passions, desires and loves. I'm sad because I know the bottom line, I know what is going to happen to this world. It saddens me that I have to condescend in order to be heard."

A FEW DAYS after this interview and then the party, we return to the apartment hoping to do a photo session and follow up a few more questions. When Marvin finally arrives he's like one of the walking dead, his eyes hidden from the world behind a pair of mirrored shades. He shakes hands and manages a cardboard smile. The party that started two days ago has continued right through until now. I ask him how he feels.

"Not too good," he replies, disappearing into the bedroom. He calls for Marilyn and she returns to tell us that there'll be no pictures or questions this morning.

For a short while Marvin Gaye is left alone in his room, the blinds are drawn but a little sunlight peeps through. Right now he doesn't feel too good but a dream buried deep in his thoughts will keep him going. He's got time to ponder and gather his strength: perhaps he'll say a little prayer or take a taste of something to banish hollow sorrow and see him through. Then it will be time to go — this afternoon he must put on his face and kiss a hundred cheeks, sign a hundred LPs and shake a hundred hands, and no one must know how he feels.

Outside a long, sleek, black limousine patiently awaits him. . . Welcome to the biz, Marvin. It's sure good to have you back.

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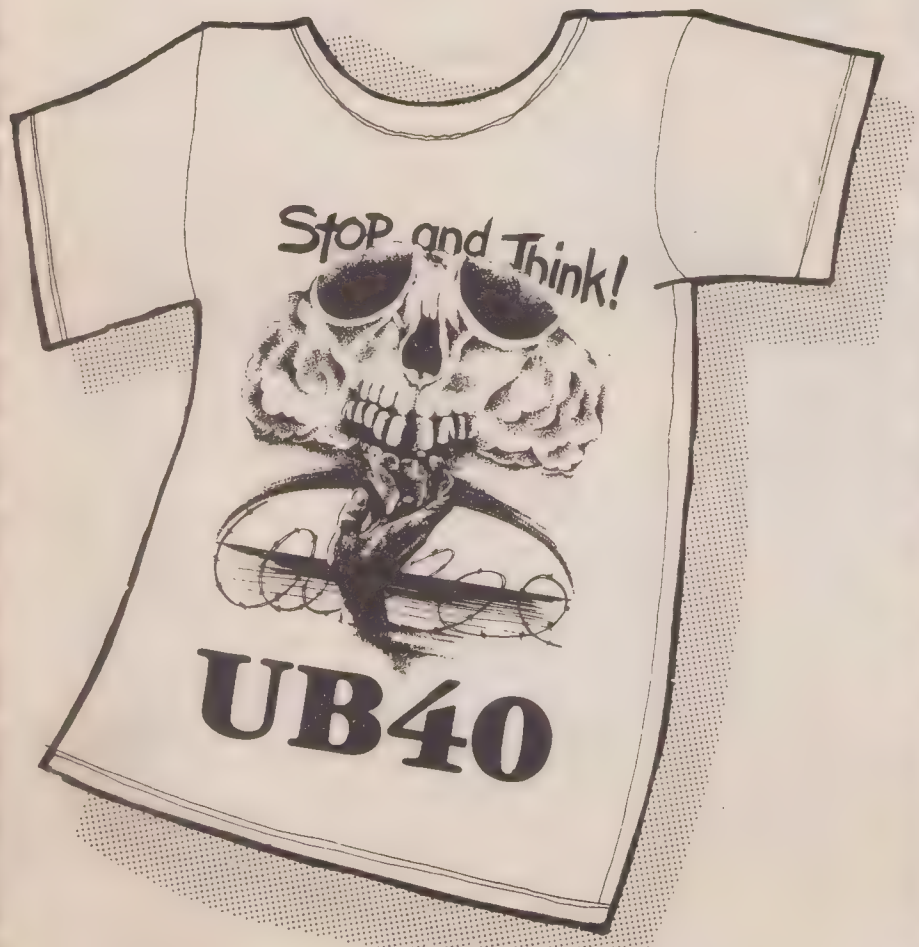

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HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS/ BANG/IDIOM FLESH
(Trade Union Club, Sydney)

IDIOM FLESH are a clever band who've a long way to go before they outsmart themselves. The theme of *their* night was ideas; scattering, warning, cajoling, dancing around our heads. Playing at a kind of subverted pop, they revealed dangers and treasures, a trove of things used and new, delivering them with such modesty and understatement one couldn't help but be pleasurably taken by surprise.

What we got was a four-piece shifting from drums, percussion, guitars and keyboards to electric violin, pipe, harmonica and melodica in various combinations. It's exciting to stumble on a band growing out of infancy with a desire to reshape pop expression and oppression into something more than the self-reflective "song" and its "performance".

Idiom Flesh asked questions and came up with something new. All the more refreshing when I tell you they don't sound like Joy Division, Laughing Clowns or The Birthday Party; they don't play funk, and they aren't nearly so drab and serious as Essendon Airport et al.

I'm very hopeful for Idiom Flesh — on the night they didn't play the best, they just showed the most imagination. If you get the chance, take some time and take some care. . . go see them. They may not be great today, but that development should happen during 1983. It'll be well worth waiting around for.

Over to BANG, a Melbourne group who played a lively, if at times overly slick brand of celebratory African rhythms. Their tilt towards Johannesburg and juju music leaves them nicely placed for the next trend, now that names like King Sunny Ade, Gasper Lawal, Pablo Porthos and Dudu Pukwana are in vogue in Britain. Though Bang's music is obviously an appropriation of such influences, along with the slightest taste of calypso and an overt commerciality, they are a very easy band to *enjoy*. Their finest asset was their singer, a stunning songstress whose soaring husky voice added a delightful warmth to this extremely tight set of musicians.

HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS arrive, as always, like giants and launch into a set of totally new songs, bar their use of *Talking To A Stranger* for the encore. An odd choice: after attempting to shake their own foundations with a dramatic new batch of siren songs it was like leaning back on something familiar, hedging on a gamble that didn't completely work. It was a predictable refrain for Hunters And Collectors on a night when it looked like they were in need of changes, but weren't quite able to make them.

On stage, Our Heroes play out the most ubiquitous of Black dramas, marrying a lean, loud rhythm to a post-Doors apocalypse, scratching to survive and addressing the audience with dark wit and dire urgency. Hunters And Collectors' play-pit is filled with quicksand, and despite the huge passions they evoke it's very heavy going — most of it down.

Midway through, my interest is waning, and all the beating, whirling, moaning and shouting in the world fails to pull me back. The band "eats" the audience, and the adoration comes in a deluge of clapping and chanting: but that has more to do with the momentum of a Hunters And Collectors performance as an *event* than their success tonight. Already their mythology of power is so well-established that they are able to come on like bad gods in the Australian music desert. The audience is ready to be devastated, the ritual is established, and Hunters And Collectors are good enough to play out the ceremony. How long they can continue to do so is less certain.

Their big beat trademark expresses an identity refined to such sharp intensity that it's beginning to blunt their impact. Now they know who they are, it's time to start giving themselves room to move, enough nuances to stop themselves from choking to death. Time for a room with a view. Maybe their shift to Berlin will shake them up enough to shake us again. The new songs and the change of environment at least show they're feeling the need to grow.

MARK MORDUE

Sherri of Bang (Pic: Mark Green)

PHIL COLLINS
Hello, I Must Be Going (Virgin)

Despite its pop pretensions and pally, goofy grin snapshot gatefold, *Hello, I Must Be Going* is a record glutinously stymied by the treacley self-pity of its maker. Despite exclaiming that he *'doesn't care anymore'* and that it *'doesn't matter to me'*, Collins whinges on and on and on about how bloody hard done by he is, groaning in unlovely metaphor at the Devil Women who constantly leave him high and dry.

Collins is forever either wagging a reproachful finger or sobbing into his sodden hanky — he plays the role of the little boy lost in the big man's shirt with the resigned boredom of a seasoned moaner — taking a quick glance through the mist of his crocodile tears to make sure everyone's watching.

The unappetising lyrical dish is hardly made more palatable by the music Collins serves up, hopefully attempting to disguise his obvious songwriting deficiencies in a potpourri of blatant textbook commercialities. The trademarks are the same: several tracks are merely re-writes in the *Something in The Air Tonight* mould — a tiresome, asthmatic synth undercurrent, climactic drum clattering, and tunes as dull as last week's washing-up water.

Collins' quandary is apparent. Largely responsible for the Genesis transformation from mega-tedium merchants to regular pop chart fodder, his attitude to 'Pop' is still ambivalent. Scared to go the whole hog, he toys with the medium and by resorting to pretension and piddly tunes skirts the issue with an obvious fearfulness of pop's inherent triviality. This record resoundly collapses between the two stools of 'meaningful rock' and disposable pop, wallowing in all the worst aspects of both with none of the saving graces.

GRAHAM K SMITH

SHAKIN' STEVENS
Give Me Your Heart Tonight (Epic)

A slick but ultimately empty performance from the shakin' one, who resurrects the rocking spectres of Elvis Presley and Craig Douglas respectively and respectably to achieve his rather wooden ends.

Much as Mr Stevens provides a spark of something apparently happening on his single releases — and I am as much a sucker for the spring cleaning propensities of such as *This Ole House* as the next person — spread repetitively across two sides of an album, this man's thin inspiration soon wears out its early enthusiasm and comes across as jaded as any other memorabilist lovingly recreating a fossilised form. Though in this respect his musicians are as much to blame as Shakin' Stevens himself. How seriously are we expected to enjoy the wares of peddlers in nostalgia?

Straight ahead rock'n'roll and beat ballads sung in tremulous mimicry of early '60s soloists are Stevens' stock in trade. Of the former, Shakin' plays Napoleon and asks *'Why not tonight?'* on *Josephine*, and in similar style tells also of *Sapphire, Vanessa, Shirley* and *Oh Julie* — the two latter ladies featuring previously on singles of some chart status. *Boppity Bop* falls in the rocking category too, but lyrics of such scatty, hasty penmanship as *'we sure can rock, we sure can rock'n'roll I feel it in my feet, my shoes and ooh my soul'* fail to cut much ice with this reviewer.

The slower sides are happier recreations of genres long gone. *Give Me Your Heart Tonight* boasts a Crescent City second line piano and something of a cajun feel, though once again soppy stanzas mar the final effect. *Too Too Much* earns a nod of approval as well, while the version of *I'll Be Satisfied* — which originally Jackie Wilson said — horrific as is the thought, works surprisingly well.

The sniff of nostalgia is strongest on the LP's final track, a two way family favourite formerly the province of Doris Day, entitled *Que Sera, Sera*, produced with singalonga finale in the manner of *Hey Jude* and really rather tiresome.

In the final analysis, with 12 titles in Shakin' Stevens' inimitably stiff style, a good value set for a teenage rave up, which is really where the likes of Billy Bremner, Peter Wingfield, B.J. Cole, Stuart Colman et al come in.

PENNY REEL

GEORGE HARRISON
Gone Troppo (Dark Horse)

Surprise. Mystical surprise. George Harrison still possesses a nose for music after all that curry powder. There was a time when anyone would have seriously doubted this. After his celebrated *All Things Must Pass* and *Concert For Bangladash* wing-dings, Harrison slowly degenerated into total innocuousness, with some feeble excuses for LPs. His heavy wipe-out with Indian mysticism pushed him past the safety zone, and his continual preaching became downright repulsive. Even the most devoted Beatle fan was beginning to lose patience with our George, while others totally lost faith. To the extent that many unfortunately by-pass him now, sticking him in the 'past it' basket.

A few years ago, George's mates from the Monty Python team made some commercials to promote his new record with the words: "Oh no, not him again." It was a joke, I think. But things are brightening. With last year's *Somewhere In England*, Harrison showed he still had plenty to offer, presenting an inoffensive set of honourable tunes. The trend continues with *Gone Troppo*. It's no *ATMP*, but still impossible not to like and cherish in some ways. As expected by its title the album exudes froth, fun and is brimmed with humour.

It starts off grandly with the thumping beat of *Wake Up My Love*. Forget the lyrics of this one — they're terrible — the music overwhelms, and is an ideal vehicle for Harrison to show he can still produce a reasonable single. (And hasn't he had some bummers?! Remember *Ding Dong?* Christ!!)

There is no let-up of the carnival atmosphere throughout. Harrison tries a bit of wholesome gumbiness with *I Really Love You* — a silly beat and ridiculous lyrics that work just fine. Other memorable moments are the title tune *Gone Troppo, Baby Don't Run Away*, and the theme from the movie *Time Bandits, Dream Away*.

LITTLE RIVER BAND
(Twin Towns R.S.L., Tweed Heads)

MOR, AOR, BOFs, slick west coasters. Call 'em what you will, but have no doubt that, in concert, Little River Band perform with all the skill, consistency and strength of repertoire that have taken them to the top of the world's largest pop market.

Sure wasn't yer average punting rabble which filled the luxurious, table-waitered auditorium. Grandkids to grandmas — most of whom were soon bouncing and swaying and wildly applauding. After a long orchestral military intro, Derek Pellici pounded out his own version as the front line demonstrated their quite remarkable vocalising in *Full Circle.* Then *It's a Long Way There,* and LRB had the crowd mesmerised.

The music had a tougher feel than on last year's tour. Steve Housden was amazing on guitar — no shortage of histrionics as he pranced delightedly about, but never indulgent. He powered! Johnny. . . ahem. . . Mr John Farnham was fab! A great singer, technically *and* emotionally. He was especially outstanding in the ballads *(Cool Change, Reminiscing).* And how can I not mention those harmonies? Immaculate! The thing which really sets LRB apart.

Being somewhat of an institution, LRB tend to be ignored or glibly condemned by many. They achieve what they attempt live — is there a better criterion for judgment? A great pop band.

PETER MUDD

That foot-stompin', head-bangin' Johnny Kannis! (Pic: Rock Graphics)

Yes, Virginia, there is a George Harrison. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and he does demand respect. No-one should ever forget the fact that without Harrison there would never have been a *Life Of Brian*. But that's beside the point.

GREG GROWDEN

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Feast
(Beggars Banquet/ Powderworks)

Another dubious compilation to waste a bit of time on. Beggars Banquet is one of those labels I have usually ignored for some reason, perhaps scared off by the misty, doomy covers and the presence of artists I would rather not have to endure. Funny things these prejudices. *Feast* has just confirmed my fears. Do we need to go on?

Yes, in the name of journalistic responsibility I will painstakingly examine the contents of this little package of grimaces. Standing head and shoulders above everything in sight is The Associates with *White Car In Germany*, an old single which also appeared on the *Fourth Drawer Down* collection. Savour its understated grandeur in another setting, please.

Bauhaus, those grim pseuds, bare all of their bleak little souls with a cheerful little ditty called *Kick In The Eye*. Ghastly stuff. Modern English, who are really Bauhaus played backwards, contribute the massively forgettable *Smiles And Laughter*. Within the song, a single titter, a tiny smatter of a laugh can barely be distinguished. Even Colin Newman, that ex-Wire luminary, reaches a personal low with his *Order For Order* track, a whine of discontent of little passing interest to anyone without a stake in the proceedings.

Worse still, Ballistic Kisses, Planning By Numbers, Andde Leek, Johnny G and Morissey Mulley make faceless pap worthy of Mi-Sex in their many diversely pretentious periods. Multivizion, The Raybeats and The Del Byzanteens are slightly more appealing, each fiddling with tightly wound conventions, with a variety of results. And therein lies *Feast*, a coagulation of (mostly) sour pop for a wide range of (mostly) laughable tastes. It's hardly a feast; barely even a nibble.

TIM McGEE

HITMEN/DEALER
(Sundowner Hotel, Sydney)

Saturday. Weekend. Raging time. Eh? The echoing emptiness of the Sundowner beer barn could've fooled anyone. But then it *was* the Hitmen, still the band everyone loves to hate. Reminiscent of the situation the Tatts faced not too many moons ago.

First up was Dealer. Given more apt gigs, this Gold Coast-based pop combo will be one to watch for in the near future. A blend of blue-eyed soul, ska and rock'n'rawl, the music brought to mind Costello, mid-period Falcons and Matt Finish. It's bouncy, fresh and irresistibly danceable. A consistent yet varied batch of tunes — a couple of ballads, *Too Young* and *Walk Away*, and rockers like *Hotwire* and *Nobody Home* show promise and accessibility. Covers include a ska-ified *Baby Come Back* and a straight-ahead *White Light*. Good stuff.

A blistering start, an ear-shattering finish, and in between, a set of hard rock that would put most o.s. bands to shame.

The re-vamped Hitmen have recaptured the dynamics which for a while seemed to have disappeared into a dirge of metallia. Johnny Kannis was as threatening as ever (he doesn't play a bad guitar either), Masuak thrashed away, and the rhythm section was relentless if over-imaginative.

Songs from the new album came over really well, while those they've retained from the debut still inspire. For foot-stomping, head-banging r'n'r, the Hitmen are hard to beat.

PETER MUDD

PAT BENATAR
Get Nervous
(Chrysalis)

The former Pat Andrezejewski's upper arms would defy the scrutiny of even Jane Fonda — and whatever she says when interviewed, that's the nicest thing you could say to any girl willing to put her married name on an LP like *Get Nervous*.

Like all Pat's vinyl outings (including the now-platinum *Crimes of Passion*), this album indicates a high level of indecision about what the hell being a woman means. A particular dilemma perhaps for one who dropped out of opera training to support her childhood sweetheart as a bank teller, then felt compelled to transform herself first into a singing waitress, then a screaming songstress dressed like an accessory to the J Geils Band.

This ain't exactly *demanding* material at best, of course; young Pat obviously ditched real opera for the soap variety just like Dennis Benatar ditched her when she chose to bestride the stage in Spandex and stilettoes.

But not to get personal. None of this would matter — it doesn't anyway — if the music measured up to anything other than the sort made by every slick do-not-fold-or-mutilate-me centrefold with money on tap and HM blinkervision about what constitutes 'rock and roll'.

Benatar has never been certain of even the latter — she's covered The Raiders' *Just Like Me*, she's co-written material like *Hell Is For Children*, and she serves here as unblinking accomplice-frontwoman for her husband's bathetic vignettes (*'I stayed with you because you made me believe/I couldn't make it on my own'* from *I Want Out*) — all

DIVINYLS
Science Fiction/I'll Make You Happy (WEA)
A rather dull and heavy-handed production of a fine pop song — spectacular bass playing from thunder-thumbs Grossman. This could have been huge. . .Opitz, what are you doing? B-side does absolutely nothing for a fine Easybeats number although the sound is better. Chrissie, why don't we leave this sort of stuff for Joan Jett?

MOOD ACCENTS: Sharp paranoid edges set off with valium and coke.
ACCESSORIES: Sweaty gymslips.

ROSE TATTOO
We Can't Be Beaten/Fighting Sons (EMI)
Rose Tattoo have written this song seven times before. Angry's voice still sends chills up my spine, but God, boys, what happened to all those glorious rough edges? I mean, the chorus sounds like the Pointer Sisters trying to be butch. Still, I can't think of anyone else I'd rather have my ears bleed to. . .not one of their best. B-side — is this really Rose Tattoo? Impeccable slide playing brings in yet another song about Vietnam. . .drink a bottle of Jack Daniels and think of *Ruby, Don't Take Your Love To Town.*

MOOD ACCENTS: Volume on 10.
ACCESSORIES: Amyl nitrate.

RIPTIDES
Hearts And Flowers/Sandarama (Regular)
Nice, but nothing special. B-side: a half-hearted, arty attempt at urban surf — imagine Bombora meets Bauhaus at the Trade Union Club.
MOOD ACCENTS: Bad grass grown by your little brother in the back yard.
ACCESSORY: 15-year-old girl from Matraville who likes Bodega and Duran Duran tank tops.

MI-SEX
Down The Line/Calling (CBS)
When I first heard this song, I thought it was the latest Foreigner single. Well-written, well-played, well sung, and well. . .boring. Charmingly whimsical keyboards, but nothing earth-shattering. Certainly not in the same league as *Castaway*. B-side — B for bland, bland, bland. Oh where are the boys who gave us our first synth-pop hit, and a classic one at that? One lucid, shimmering keyboard break, but not much else.

MOOD ACCENTS: Comfortable cane chair/shady veranda in the vicinity of the Astra.
ACCESSORIES: A long, warm Ben Ean-and-Perrier with a light sprinkling of Angel dust.

SKYHOOKS
Hooked On Hooks/Smut (Mushroom)
This is the must-have party record of the year. Fab production brings 80s technology to 70s madness — put it on at your next shindig and watch the flesh quiver, or give it to your sister — your younger sister. It may not help her come to grips with your weirdness, but it'll certainly grow hair on her tits. . . thoroughly recommended. B-side is a pleasant enough piece of nostalgia, lovingly re-recorded, but in the post-butchy boy era — it's about as risque as Dee Minor & The Dischords, and almost as exciting.

MOOD ACCENTS: You can never have too many gold records. . .
ACCESSORIES: Feather boas, proto-Kiss makeup, platform stilettoes and a brilliant remix engineer.

You've got to be cruel to be fair?

DECORATOR SINGLES

IGNATIUS JONES has completed a year of the *Rocky Horror* Show. His manager won't make him think about a Jimmy & The Boys revival *or* a follow-up solo record for *Like A Ghost* for at least another week. . . Time to potter around the house, darn the leotards and redecorate the listening environment. . .

MEN AT WORK
Dr Heckyll & Mr Jive/Shintaro (CBS)
Take three cups of nice melody, one cup of innocuous subject, season generously with pretty harmonies, bake in a moderate to megabuck studio, and two hours later, remove one hit. You know it's done when you stick the fork of intelligence into it, and it leaves absolutely no trace. No, that's nasty. . .but true. Incidentally, the title is stolen from the debut album of spectacularly excellent English band Pigbag — at least they show good taste. B-side is pretty. . .pretty forgettable.

MOOD ACCENTS: Platinum — wall-to-wall.
ACCESSORIES: Flutes, vegemite, Fosters. . . sorry, make that a Budweiser.

THE THINGS
Sing With The Things/Cruel Bong (Screaming Heap)
About the only two people who *aren't* on this single are Greg Taylor and myself. You know, I would like to say that the best thing about this single is the credits, but I can't. If you like jazz-rock, and I don't, this is a thoroughly enjoyable record, and what's more, even I enjoyed it. But, considering that it contains the original bass player, guitar player, sax player, vocalist, and several groupies of Jimmy & The Boys, I'm not exactly gonna call it a heap of shit, am I? Especially when it was recorded by a subsequent bass player. No, this is a really wonderful record, I mean that sincerely. And what can you say about a record that includes the lines *'You can't really blame us/You know we're going to be famous'*?

B-side is a fucking fantastic song. It sounds like Paul Hogan meets the Andrews Sisters in a Paddington beer pit. Forgive me for carrying on, but I wil anyway — the horn section, the backing vocals are all immaculate. . . what can I say? And what can I say about the soaring, screaming guitar of Mr Jimmy Doyle (ex-Ayers Rock)? This record is a landmark and a historical document. Buy it — if you can, if you dare, and if you can find it.

MOOD ACCENTS: On-stage seating for 38 (three sofas, no velour).
ACCESSORIES: An audience bigger than the band and a real record company.

THE COCKROACHES
Shake, Jump & Shout/Last Night/Empty Heart (Phantom)
Nice bass sound. You may not have noticed, boys, but a few things have happened in the world since Roger Daltrey met Pete Townshend and formed The Who. I had to take this record off the turntable because I had several others to review and I was falling asleep. The Who did it years ago, and much better. Goodnight.

MOOD ACCENTS: Baygon.
ACCESSORIES: A current Calendar.

JFK & THE CUBAN CRISIS
The Texan Thing/I Tried Too Hard/Juliet Jones/Leaving for The Eastern Front (Waterfront)
This single arrived with an extremely naff Christmas card and a press release declaring that the band was not bothered by any resemblance it had to Elvis Costello. I'm glad they're not bothered by it — it doesn't bother me either, although it's extremely obvious.

I must say that of all the singles I've had the pleasure and/or shock/horror to have to go through today, this is perhaps the most interesting and fresh; yes indeed, a breath of fresh air. The adenoidal vocals *are* a little distressingly Elvis Costello, and the guitar sounds are a wee bit twangy, but this is made up for with charming melodies and witty lyrics — this is a bargain, as well, because it contains four tracks, two of which are real killers: *Juliet Jones* and *Texan Thing*.

How can I begin to describe *Texan Thing*? This song does *not* refer to the most useless part of Ronald Reagan's body, and no, the line *'Texan Thing/You make my ring sting'* does not appear in the song at all. However, it is truly great: buy this one if you can. This record does not have a 'B'-side; what's more, they're from Brisbane.

MOOD ACCENTS: Genuine-enthusiasm, liberally applied.
ACCESSORIES: None needed.

MIDNIGHT OIL
US Forces/Outside World (CBS)
This is extremely hard for me. Not only are Midnight Oil an extremely good band, but they are also personal friends of mine. . .

This song is jagged and disturbing, extremely melodic, with a very powerful hookline. . .it is also unadulterated shit. A stream of dusty cliches and balding hippy maxims. This has got all the standards in it. Sounds like Crosby Stills Nash & Young meet after 25 years, take Mandrax and look at the good old days: evil capitalists, the CIA, Richard Nixon, Khe Sahn, . .isn't it time for a new subject, a new whipping post? The United States has had its go. How about Afghanistan, now there's a nice subject. Yellow rain. . .dissidents in mental hospitals. . .martial law. . .and nuclear proliferation. It's '83 not '63, and I think brown rice tastes like sawdust.

MOOD ACCENTS: Strictly National Times.
ACCESSORIES: A translator and a harsh dose of reality.

THE ANGELS
Stand Up/Chaplain's Drum (CBS)
Stand Up — shit. Rick Brewster's *Chaplain Drum* shapes up as a heavy metal version of *Song For Guy.*

MOOD ACCENTS: Barred windows and padded wallpaper.
ACCESSORIES: Another chord and a pair of shades.

SOFT CELL
Where The Heart Is/It's A Mug's Game (Some Bizarre)
Dear Marc: In the future, please refrain from writing your own material. Somewhere deep in my stomach, I feel sick. As a one-time DJ, you must know what feel means. When I say 'feel', I mean that *Je Ne Sais Quoi* that brings an audience dancing onto the disco floor. If you played this tawdry porridge to anybody, they'd desert in droves. This is how Mary Whitehouse would've written *She's Leaving Home.* This is how Fred Nile would have written *The Kids Are Alright.* What's wrong with you? Have you been doing things with Margaret Thatcher? Avoid this single like the Black Death.

MOOD ACCENTS: Unveil the velours (reversible studs optional, lavender mousse a

must!)
ACCESSORIES: Lubricant of your choice.

BUCKS FIZZ
If You Can't Stand The Heat/Stepping Out (RCA)
These people have been unsuccessfully trying to be Abba for the last million years. Is this blue-eyed soul or is it trash? Buy the Things instead. Is this funk or classical? Take a trend and turn it into dog food.

I had the bizarre pleasure of meeting Bucks Fizz on the Brisbane equivalent of Donny Sutherland one morning after an enormous drug burn, and let me tell you folks, if there's something going on for Frida, there's nothing going on in any of the minds of the collective pustule that is Bucks Fizz. B-side sees Giorgio Moroder drowning in a pool of pap: the sequencer spits rhythm, Dirlene and Raelene spit the same banal lyrics we've been used to. Berlene and Harlene manage to convey the effect that they are singing in Swedish. More trash. About the only interesting thing about this record is the cover, on which the girls are dressed in what Marc Almond would like to wear on his cover, and the boys are dressed in what Molly Meldrum would like to wear on *Countdown*.

MOOD ACCENTS: (1) Fill waterbed with spumante; (2) sit on it.
ACCESSORIES: Pleated leopard-skin colostomy bags.

MARVIN GAYE
Sexual Healing (CBS)
"If I were any more mellow, I'd be white." This song was commissioned by a Sexually Transmitted Disease clinic in LA — just the sort of thing you'd like to listen to with tertiary syphilis ravaging your mind, your eyes, your face: your teeth drop out, your hair drops out — no surprises from Marvin Gaye!

Whatever happened to Sly Stone or the Marvin Gaye of old that we knew and loved? For someone whose major influences were the early Marvin Gaye albums, this is just so painful, such trash. . .I can only groan. This song is such a sad footnote to the 60s. But I still love you Marvin. . .

MOOD ACCENTS: Non-Specific.
ACCESSORIES: White suits, white powders, white audience.

BANANARAMA & FUN BOY THREE
Really Saying Something/Give Us Back Our Cheap Fares (EMI)
Why did I get landed with the dross? This song says nothing and goes nowhere. At least I had the grace to bomb out solitaire — these people take three men and three women to do it. Give me the days of *The Telephone Always Rings* or *Shy Boy*, please. Utter trash —forgettable.

MOOD ACCENTS: Very few, in multiples of three.
ACCESSORIES: Backing tapes and op shops.

HUMAN LEAGUE
Mirror Man (Virgin)
Nothing out of the hat here folks — fab dance song, simply shows that the Android Army are at the top of their league (excuse me) as far as synthoid disco dance songs go. Both these songs simply confirm that Martin Rushent is at the forefront of producers in England today. The B-side, which is a dub version of the A-side, is like putting Christmas decorations on a pile of garbage.

MOOD ACCENTS: More backing tapes.
ACCESSORIES: Jo and Sue.

STEPHEN CUMMINGS
We All Make Mistakes/Accordian To Mao (Regular)
Welcome, Cummings, to the solo artist wilderness that I know so well. A non-Sports Cummings? Well yes, but he took the long track around the mountain. In there for the final mixdown, we have. . .Armiger of course, and what do we get? Steve, this sounds like somebody else, but it doesn't sound like Steve Cummings. Gloria Jones on a bad night. . .Marvin Gaye on a good night? A Christmas message for you Steve: 1) We're happy for the new sound and the new career; 2) It's not bad at all, and 3) Next time, by God, we know it's going to be 80 times better.

Production notes: 1) distinctive vocal sound on A-side; 2) as Paul Weller demonstrated before he fell apart, if white boys wanna get funky with da big soul riff, they'd better sing their goddamn souls out — not the horn line. B-side sounds 80 times better than the A-side. What's going on here? What's happening with Australian singles? Why are the B-sides sounding better than the A-sides?

MOOD ACCENTS: New name and haircut.
ACCESSORIES: Gloria Jones, Paul Weller, Martin Armiger, Marvin Gaye.

THE RAZOR GANG
All I Want For Christmas Is A Neutron Bomb/Video Dreams (Self-Financed)
This is an extremely forgettable record. Sounds like it was recorded in a bathtub and produced by someone with infantile paralysis. The B-side is far more interesting, but still suffers from trite subject matter. Don't worry boys, keep up the counter-cultural cliches, shave your heads, refuse to appear on *Countdown*, and you may grow into Midnight Oil.

MOOD ACCENTS: The Agents play Country Joe & The Fish.
ACCESSORIES: A sing-a-long choir.

THE KELPIES
Take Me Away/Second By Second (Phantom)
This record has a wonderful cover. The front features a dog in a clam shell rising from the waves of Sydney Harbour rather like Botticelli's *Venus*. The back presents a marvellous portrait-of-the-rock-star-as-a-young-dog picture of the band. The song however is a rather pleasant love-in-a-minor-key Cure-type pop song — nothing earth-shattering. The compulsory angst-ridden vocals run through every emotion from A to B. The B-side is very similar.

MOOD ACCENTS: Something sinister in black dog collars.
ACCESSORIES: Emotions C-Z.

IDIOM FLESH
It/Holiday (Rama Records)
I can see it now. It is Parents' Night at the Sydney Art Institute. On stage the singer has been tied upside-down to a Hill's Hoist. Behind a screen, the rest of the band, which comprises his sister and three other members of Sculpture 2, sit on their Casios and blow whistles. The bass player stands on top of four TV sets playing two chords. Occasionally, slides depicting war atrocities are flashed directly onto the audience.

To capture the full ambience of this occasion, the engineer has decided to attach contact mikes to his kidneys. The audience have been encouraged not to look at the band (who of course do not call themselves a band) but to close their eyes and try to truly experience the lyrics, which of course were created by cutting up various pieces of the *Women's Weekly* and *Australian Pensioner*.

This, folks, is ART, capital A-R-T, and almost completely irrelevant to anything. The B-side has even fewer lyrics, which is something for which we should probably be grateful.

MOOD ACCENTS: Thick-pile concepts.
ACCESSORIES: Pale-and-intense young men with cheap port and long overcoats.

Pat Benatar (Pic: Michael Putland/LFI)

"Hmmm. . . maybe I could knock out a few walls as well. . ." (Pix: Rhonda Thwaite)

with equally monotonous determination.

The most awful bits are Geraldo's terrible string-thang solos (*Fight It Out* beats *Shadows Of The Night* for worst featured doodlings), though when Pat really gets down and growls those crystal tones can turn downright ugly.

All the LP's faults can, however, be handily summed up in a few earfuls of its version of D.L. Byron's *Shadows Of The Night*. Potentially a great cornball anthem, as Rick Chertoff's production of it for Rachel Sweet demonstrated, Ms B is presumably already so nervous about the cliche quotient in her repertoire, she conspires with drummer Myron Grombacher to write new and more meaningless lyrics!

'Running through the shadows of the night' at least made grammatical sense, whatever one's aesthetic reservations; *'running with the shadows of the night'* proves a Crime of Passion beyond conviction for Patty. *'What about the things we never mention?'* warbles Top 40 AM's supposed tigress on the LP's closer.

What indeedy.

CYNTHIA ROSE

SHAKATAK
Night Birds (Polydor)

Will you ever be ready for Shakatak? Hit makers in the English charts at the moment, Shakatak are five very clever boys — sorry, men. They play a politely watered-down jazz-funk, a secretive format of night time adult muzak. Cocktails (despite the stigma) never tasted so good.

Night Birds is an album of pleasant, pale motions: reticent gestures in expensive apartments. It stretches its yawning reach about as far as George Benson, and that's probably not so bad. It's an album you'll file neatly next to *Breezin'*, somewhere in the vicinity of that immaculately preserved (read, 'unplayed') copy of the first Chic album. Do you remember the 'tasteful' empire of the CTI label? It's now been updated.

That said, *Bitch To The Boys, Night Birds* and *Easier Said Than Done* are sleek beasts of fantasy. Their somnambulistic charm may be easily misinterpreted as 'mellowness', but I know you wouldn't be so glib. I think you're ready for Shakatak. We'll slip a track or two on and nod off ever so gracefully. Next week it'll be Imagination, purveyors of more fine grown up funk. Irresistible.

TIM McGEE

SINGERS AND PLAYERS
War Of Words (99 Records)
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Soundtrack From Countryman (Island)

Here's a few odds and ends from the reggae in-basket, a couple of misplaced releases looking vaguely for a market. In the reggae world it's no longer good enough to crank out standard skank brimming with rasta references and dread dread echo production. The glut of reggae has sharpened the criteria, having a solid mass of previously respected musicians, singers and producers back into obscurity. Are you listening, Adrian Sherwood?

Yes, my old adversary Adrian Sherwood has shown his face again. Sherwood has achieved some sort of

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Jan. 25 Southern Cross.
YOUNG LIONS:
Feb. 4 Manzil Room.
ZARSOFF BROTHERS:
Jan. 21 Leumeah Tennis Club, 22 Shellharbour Inn, 26 Bel Air, 27 Riverwood Inn, 28 Stakeout Tavern, 29 Royal Antler Hotel, 30 Canterbury Leagues.
ZOO:
Jan. 21 Manzil Room, 22 Manley Vale Hotel, 24 Dubbo Civic Centre, 25 Parkes Leagues Club, 26 Lithgow Workers, 27 Orange Ex-Services, 29 Cabbage Tree (Woolongong).

VIC

ABBEY ROAD:
Jan. 28 North Melbourne Football Club.
ACROBATS:
Jan. 28 Aberdeen Hotel.
ANGELS:
Jan. 21 Bombay Rock.
AUSTIN TAYSHUS:
Jan. 21 Earls Court (The Venue), 22 The Club (early), 22 Central Club (late), 23 Waltzing Matilda.
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BILLY MILLER:
Jan. 26 Village Green Hotel, 27 Dava Hotel.
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Jan. 21 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 22 Sentimental Bloke Hotel, 22 Bombay Rock (late), 23 Pier Hotel.
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Jan. 24 Spurs (Moorabbin), 25 Spurs (Campbellfield), 31 Spurs (Moorabbin).
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Jan. 21 Eureka Hotel, 22 Torquay Hotel, 24 Paynesville Motor Hotel, 27 Grainstore, 28 Armadale Hotel, 29 Summerfest (early), 29 Waltzing Matilda (late).
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Jan. 28 Summerfest, 29 Bombay Rock.
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DONNA FISK AND THE HOT DIGGIDY BAND:
Feb. 3 Spurs (Moorabbin), 4 Spurs (Campbelltown).
DRAGON:
Jan. 25 Prospect Hill Hotel, 26 Waltzing Matilda Hotel, 27 Club Chevron.
DUGITES:
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Feb. 1 Royal Derby Hotel.
EELS:
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EXPOZAY:
Jan. 21 Cross Keys Hotel, 22 Ocean Grove Hotel, 24 Macy's, 26 Club Chevron (free), 27 Earls Cout (The Venue).
FINE LINE:
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GANGSTERS:
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Feb. 3 De Marco's Hotel.
GUNSLINGER:
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JEFF ST JOHN:
Jan. 26 Paynesville Motor Inn, 27 Centre Club (Morwell), 28 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 29 Summerfest (early), 29 Bundoora (late), 30 Players Ocean Grove Hotel.
JIMBO (JIM COOPER):
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Feb. 1 Spurs (Moorabbin), 2 Spurs (Campbellfield).
JO JO ZEP:
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Feb. 1 Club Chevron.
JUMP 'N' JIVE:
Feb. 2 Royal Derby Hotel.
KEVINS:
Jan. 21 Earls Court (The Venue), 22 Westernport Hotel (San Remo).

LEARN TO DANCE:
Jan. 2 Prospect Hill Hotel.
LIQUID ENGINEERS:
Jan. 21 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 22 Bombay Rock, 23 Pier Hotel, 27 Club Chevron.
Feb. 4 Bombay Rock.
LISA BADE BAND:
Jan. 21 Isle Of White Hotel, 22 Tarmac Hotel, 22 Earls Court (The Venue, late).
Feb. 4 Cross Keys Hotel.
LITTLE MURDERS:
Jan. 21 Prospect Hill Hotel, 22 Waurn Ponds Hotel, 24 Prospect Hill Hotel.
LOONEY TUNES:
Jan. 21 Aberdeen Hotel.
MARK GILLESPIE:
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MERCY MERCY:
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MENTAL AS ANYTHING:
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MICK HAMILTON:
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P.C. CAULTON AND THE PICKUPS WITH SUZI DICKENSON:
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Feb. 3 Spurs (Campbellfield), 4 Spurs (Moorabbin).
PHANTOM BAND:
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ROSANNAS RAIDERS:
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RUNNERS:
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TINSLEY WATERHOUSE BAND:
Jan. 21 Grainstore, 22 Station Hotel, 26 Hotel Continental, 31 Club Chevron (free).
TONY CATZ BAND:
Jan. 21 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 22 Cross Keys Hotel, 27 Station Hotel.
Feb. 4 Bombay Rock (free).
TOUR DE FORCE:
Jan. 21 Club Chevron, 22 Sandown Park Hotel, 26 Chasers Live, 27 Tattersalls Hotel.
TURKEYS:
Jan. 21 Moonee Ponds Tavern, 22 Dorset Gardens Hotel.
Feb. 3 Beaumaris Hotel.
UNCANNY X MEN:
Jan. 25 Eureka Hotel, 26 Lady Bay Hotel, 27 Footscray Social Club.
WENDY AND THE ROCKETS:
Jan. 21 Cross Keys Hotel, 22 Waltzing Matilda Hotel, 26 Astradome, 27 Dorset Gardens Hotel, 28 Club Chevron.
W.H.Y. DIGITAL DELAY SHOW:
Jan. 21 Council Club Hotel, 22 Jay's Mainstream.
YOUNG HOMEBUYERS:
Jan. 21 Bridge Hotel, 22 Macy's Hotel, 30 Summerfest.

QLD

AUSTRALIAN CRAWL:
Jan. 21 D.D.I.A.E., 22 Summer Jam.
BILLY THORPE:
Jan. 27 Jindalee, 28 Homestead, 29 Playroom, 30 Playroom.
BRENT PARLANE BAND:
Jan. 21 Seabreeze Hotel, 28 Stallions.
GEORGE THROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS:
Jan. 28 Surfair, 29 Homestead, 30 Bombay Rock.
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SUNNYBOYS:
Jan. 28 Playroom, 29 Surfair Hotel, 30 South Leagues Club.

TAS

ANGELS:
Jan. 22 Kingsborough Sports Centre (Hobart).

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underground notoriety for his work with the mediocre Creation Rebel, the much overrated Cry Tuff Dub Encounter series, and the abysmal New Age Steppers. This time he's at the controls of Singers And Players, another of those dodgy 'musicians collective' productions.

War Of Words is a patchy affair, but it's not all that bad when played in the vicinity of some of Sherwood's earlier efforts. The Singers And Players include Public Image guitarist **Keith Levene,** ex-Slit **Ari Upp, Crucial Tony, Bim Sherman, Prince Far I** and, naturally, members of **Creation Rebel.** As far as production goes, it's one of Sherwood's best moments, staying away from his usual trickiness and irritating rhythmic complications. Now he's hit on the medium, all he needs are some better songs with a bit more fire.

The *Countryman* soundtrack is a million miles from War Of Words, emanating as it does from the depths of Island Records, home of English reggae imperialism. Island have now formed a company called Island Films, and *Countryman* is their first release. Judging by the precis of the plot and the embarrassing talkover in the *Countryman Theme*, it seems to be little more than a crass marketing exercise. But not so the music.

The songs of the soundtrack range from old Wailers archive pieces to some Lee Perry, Aswad and Dennis Brown. Flicking through the lineup, it's hard not to think that Island are using *Countryman* to stir up a little interest in their back catalogue, but the quality of some of the tracks excuses any such motivations. The Marley music alone is a great reason for buying the record, (that is if you haven't already got them all). Aswad's marvellous *Mosman Skank*, a fine snippet of reggae charged with a unique, shuttling rhythm, is likewise a good reason to sample *Countryman*.

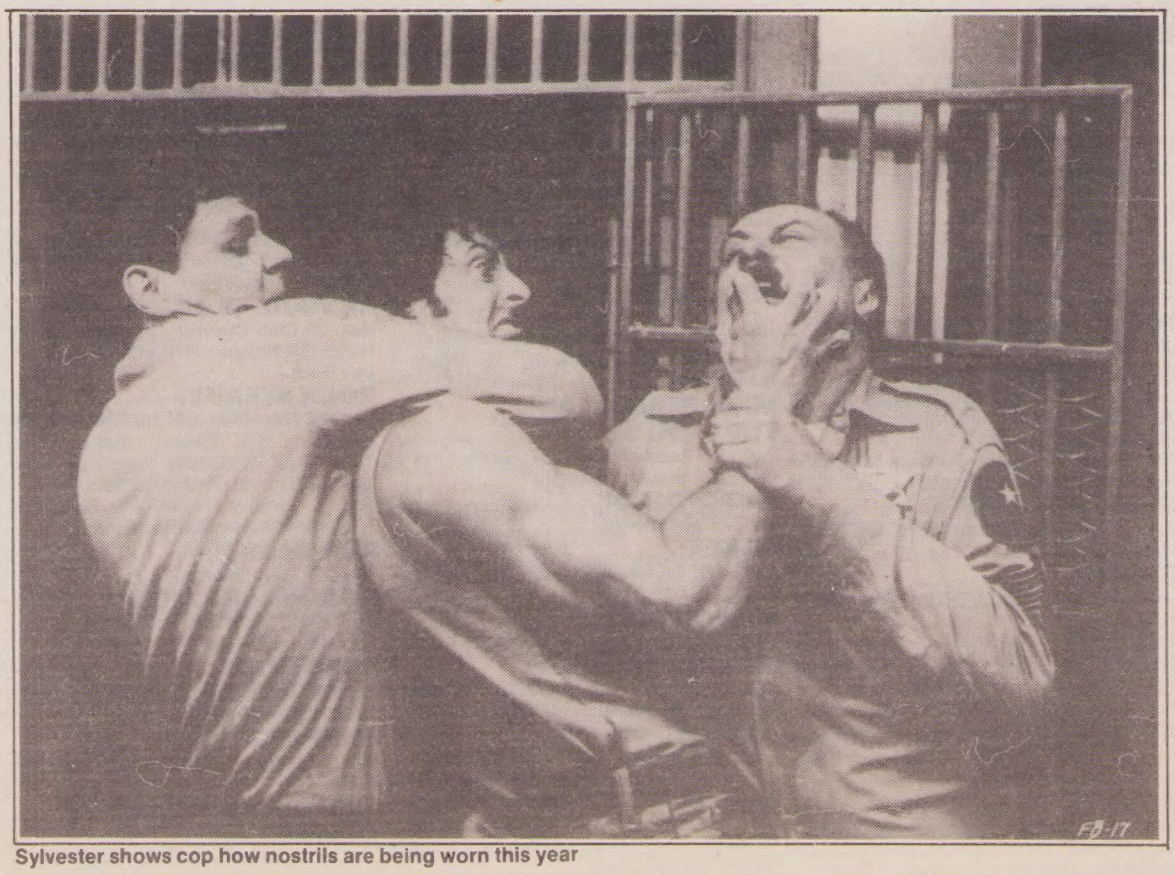
Countryman probably fits some pockets more snugly than mine, but I still recommend it to anyone who hasn't already collected the material it contains. It's not as indispensable as Black Uhuru's *Chill Out* or Sly and Robbie's *Raiders Of The Lost Dub*, but it's still a convenient collation.

TIM McGEE

FLIX

FIRST BLOOD

Directed by Ted Kotcheff
Starring Sylvester Stallone, Brian Dennehy and Richard Crenna



Sylvester shows cop how nostrils are being worn this year

Finding Sylvester Stallone suitable parts outside *Rocky* is proving a tough task, but in *First Blood* it seems that his real (if restricted) talents are at last given a sensible milieu.

In fact, the craft that's gone into it makes the film a model demonstration of lifting potboiler material into a modest and pleasing success. We've had enough post-Vietnam soul-searching to have sated the most Calvinist of American consciences by now, and the premise here sounds depressingly familiar; ex-Green Beret vet John Rambo is mussed up by obnoxious small town cops back home, snaps his leash on private citizen equilibrium and wages a savage one-man act of guerilla vengeance on town and sheriff.

As if to trick expectation, the story doesn't so much dwell on isolated anguish as explode into primordial violence. A handful of flickering flashbacks are enough to turn Rambo's trained mind on his oppressors, and they in turn — led by the bloated figure of Sheriff Will Teasle, excellently played by Brian Dennehy as a hard man totally without sympathy — respond with blunt, obsessive aggression. Except Rambo's good enough to take them all out if he wants.

Ted Kotcheff is a minor talent but an interesting one. His direction fashions a breathlessly fast and iron-hard amalgam of *Chato's Land, Southern Comfort* and *High Plains Drifter* out of a script that cunningly confines Stallone to being a characterless tornado of action, and for portraiture prefers glimpses of little league bigotry. Regrettably, it also finds room for a father confessor figure in the shape of Rambo's old service commander, a jarring humanist sop in a narrative of crazed vindictiveness. It inevitably leads to a climax of almost surreal violence being capped by an epilogue of full-blown (if genuinely felt) bathos.

Best to disregard that discordant note and observe the more subtle uses the backwoods imagery is put to, hinting at a once-removed grunt scenario that ripples more tellingly than any extended soliloquy on the cost of war. Stallone is fine and never out of his depth: those lapdog eyes have never looked so cold. In the two levels here, straight forearm action picture and simplistic but expertly honed suggestion of the haunting of war, the movie comes close to centre-target.

RICHARD COOK

Gene Wilder shows cop how dresses are being worn this year

HANKY PANKY

Directed by Sidney Poitier
Starring Gene Wilder, Gilda Radner and Richard Widmark

They might as well have called it *Fun In Acapulco* for all the pertinence the title carries. As it is, *Panky Hanky* (much better) is another opportunity for Gene Wilder to break into lung-busting exercises in *coloratura* hysterics as an innocent dupe for men in Moss Bros suits with expressions to freeze over Vesuvius.

As Illinois architect Michael Jordan, Wilder is slugged in New York, chased in Massachusetts and detained in the Grand Canyon while being pursued by the police and the army, not to mention the plain old bad guys. This is not a man who gets the good breaks, even if he does get a pretty comprehensive trip cross country. It'll all about some tape with defence details on it that everybody and his dog is after, but the finer strokes of the story needn't trouble us.

Rerunning the excellent *Silver Streak* would be a fair idea if we weren't so used to seeing an increasingly misused talent in such familiar plot pyrotechnics. Wilder does his screaming frustration number, Gilda Radner patches up a poor role into a passable romantic partner and a few good faces — Richard Widmark and Robert Prosky in particular — fill out the frame. . . and that's it.

Surely better employment can be found for such a gifted comic actor, a rare enough calling in Hollywood these days.

Sidney Poitier's direction is fluid if never much above competent, although the imaginative opening sequence promises more than the film finally delivers — amusing matinee fodder.

The one real disappointment is an awful score by the dreadful Tom Scott. Remember Henry Mancini's great *Silver Streak* music? This is sax hackery of the first order.

RICHARD COOK

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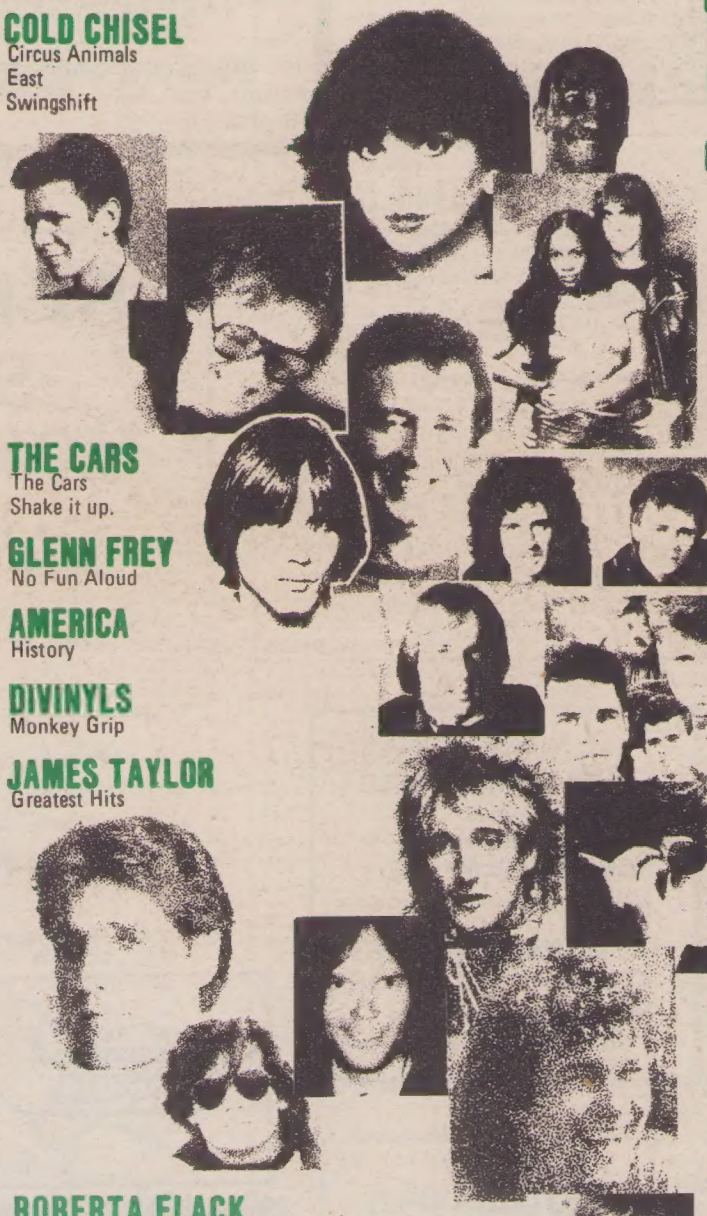

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